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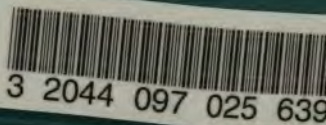
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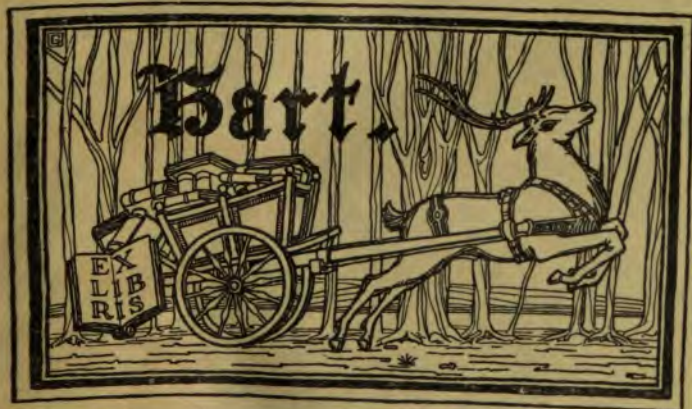


THE GIFT OF
ALBERT BUSHNELL HART
OF CAMBRIDGE
Class of 1880

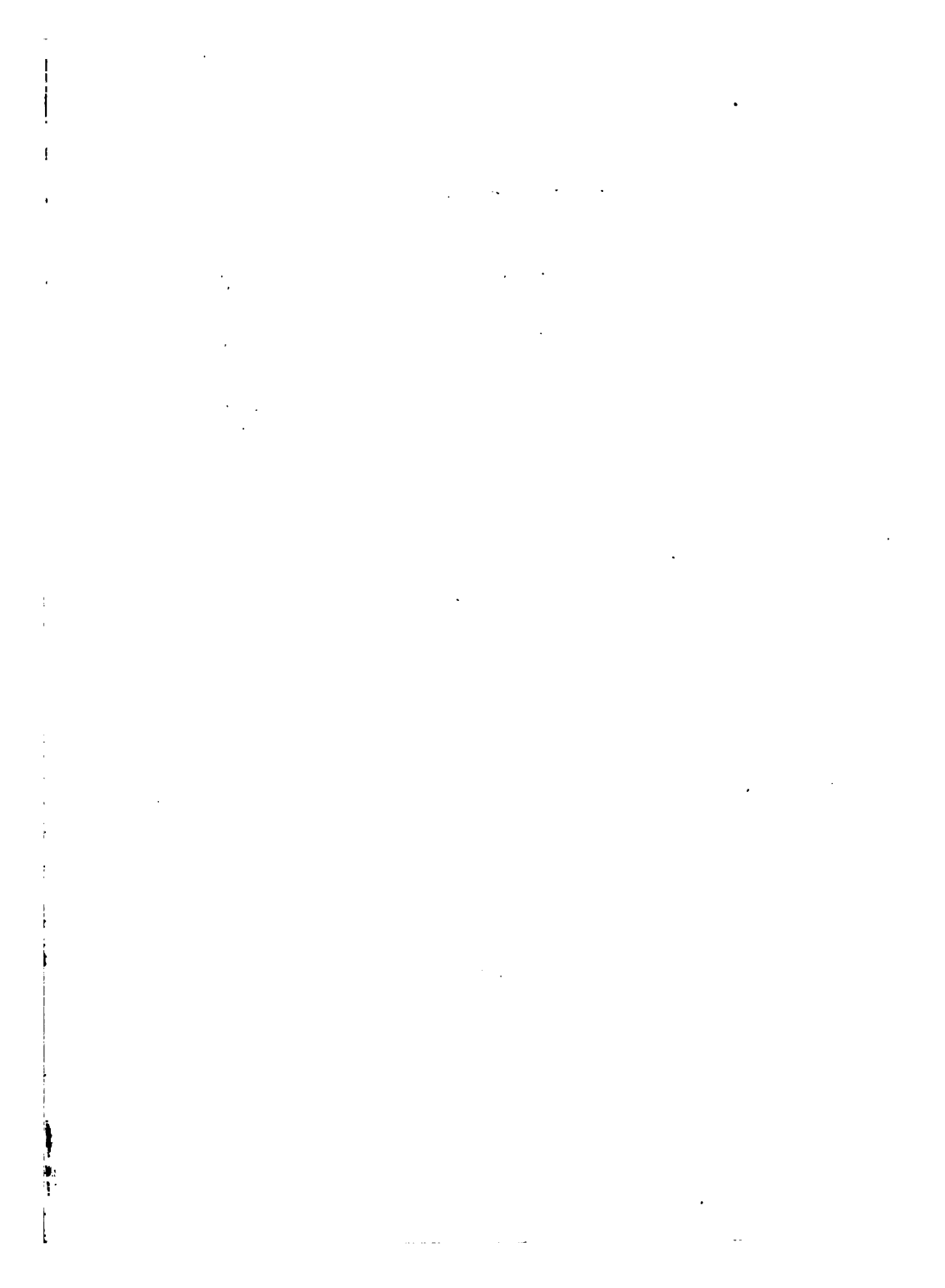


Albert Bushnell Hart

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Albert Bushnell Bart





Barbara plans her journey

Barbara's Philippine Journey

By

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With an Introduction by
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Illustrated by

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and G. W. Peters



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**TO THE PARENTS
OF
TOMMY AND BETTY
THIS BOOK IS
DEDICATED**

INTRODUCTION

ONE of the most difficult portions of the entire elementary school curriculum to teach is that part of geography dealing with the broadest facts about the earth as a whole, *i.e.*, the continents, oceans, climate, leading surface features, etc. This is usually taught to children between eight and eleven years of age; and since the main object is merely to give the general setting of the more detailed geographical facts soon to follow, the treatment of these topics is always in danger of being so brief as to be abstract, dry, and even stultifying to children.

The two books of Jane Andrews, however, "Seven Little Sisters" and "Each and All," have shown the possibilities in this field when a master hand works it. Their two most striking merits are, first, that they do not deal with the earth alone,—the most common fault in most treatments,—but with the earth in relation to man; they center the interest in personalities, and might, in fact, be called biographical studies of geography; second, the facts are presented in story form, with a style causing them to take rank as literature. One of the great needs in this field is that of more books of this sort.

The story of Barbara's Philippine Journey bids fair, I believe, to be classed with these two books of Jane Andrews. It covers different ground with a very different plan. But it likewise presents the facts in relation to a child, and in a style that is even more simple than that of Jane Andrews, while being very attractive.

F. M. McMURRY.

Teachers College,
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Dear Girls and Boys,

When we made our journey to the Philippines there was just one trouble. There weren't enough children along. I was wishing all the time that the boys and girls at home could be with us to share the sights and the fun. One day Mother suggested a fine way of bringing this about. "Let us tell the story of our trip in a book," she said. "Then every child who reads may join us."

So here is the little book, and I just hope you will enjoy our Philippine journey as much as we did.

Barbara.

This is a real letter written by the little girl who made the real journey of which this "really true" story tells.

BARBARA'S PHILIPPINE JOURNEY



CHAPTER I

AWAY WE GO

“How would you like to take a trip across the ocean?” That is what my father asked me at supper one day last year.

Can you guess what I answered? What would you

have said? I jumped right out of my chair. "A real trip across the ocean? Father, do you mean it?" I cried.

"I do," Father answered, folding up his napkin, "and now let's get ready for our journey."

I followed him to the nursery table, not at all sure that he was not playing a new game. He seemed in earnest, though, as he took the big globe down from the mantelpiece and began to turn it slowly around.

"Let us see where we are going," he said, and turned the globe around until North America was under his hands. Then he pointed to the United States and showed me a little black spot on the right edge of it which he said was New York. From this point he drew a line all the way round to the other side of the globe.

"That's the line we'll follow on our journey," he went on. "But instead of making the line with a pencil, we'll make it with trains and steamships; and instead of its taking two seconds to make, as it did just now, it will take us five or six weeks to make the real line on the earth and the ocean."

"Where can we be going?" I asked in wonder. "It must be to the ends of the earth."

"Almost," Father answered, smiling. "See, here is California on the left side of the United States, and the blue beyond that is the Pacific Ocean. We shall first go to far-away California, and there take ship across the Pacific and sail till we reach the Philippine Islands. Here they are," and Father pointed to a little brown patch in the blue on the opposite side from California. It was there that his long pencil line had ended.

Then Father began to tell me stories about all the countries we should visit and the people we should see. He said we should stop at the Hawaiian Islands and Japan and China before we reached the Philippines. I made a little map on my blackboard of the places we were soon to see, and I put down the names of the cities we should pass through,—San Francisco, Honolulu, Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, Hongkong, and Manila, all on the Pacific Ocean. If you wish to know where we were going on our long journey, just get your father to show you these cities on a big map of the world or on the globe, as my father did me.

We were having such a fine time planning our journey, that I could hardly believe it was bedtime when

Mother came and said, "Now it is time to dream about the Philippines, daughter." And that is really what I did all night.

The next morning began the busiest two weeks I ever heard of in our family, for we were to start on our journey at the end of that time. First of all I had to find good homes for Kitty and Carlo for the time I should be gone. I had to clear up my nursery closet thoroughly, too, and decide what dolls and toys I must take with me and what I could spare for the Orphans' Home. And it seemed that I no sooner got pleasantly started playing for the last time with some dear toy, than Mother would call me away to try on a dress or a coat.

"Don't you think you have enough clothes for me now, Mother?" I would say; and then, just as I was saying that, the door bell would ring, and in would come many more packages for me to untie, and I would find warm sailor suits for cold days, thin white canvas shoes for hot ones, and woolen stockings and lisle thread socks, and all together enough clothes for six little girls.

"You will need all these clothes," said Mother, "for we shall meet all the climates of the world on our

journey and taste all the four seasons, and who knows how many more, by the time we reach the Philippines."

I laughed, for how could you possibly find more than four seasons, no matter where you went? But later I found out that Mother was partly right, for when we came to take our trip, at each place we stopped there was a different season from the one where we last were, and we stopped *five* times.

We left New York in February, in the depth of winter, with the thermometer at zero and piles of snow on the ground. Four days later we were in California, where they were having the most beautiful spring in the world. All the hills were covered with fresh grass and poppies, that looked like gold scattered over bright green velvet. The birds were making music all the time, and the air was so sweet that I loved California, and wanted to live there.

But lovely as it was, of course we could not stay, and we soon found ourselves on a great ship, steaming out of the Golden Gate of San Francisco Bay. The blue waves danced around us, and our ship began to swing up and down in the great Pacific swell as it started out on its long, long track across the ocean.

As I was looking out over the rolling waves, I saw a stream of water shoot up and then disappear. "What was it?" I called to Father. "It looked like a fountain."

Father sprang to the rail. "A whale!" he shouted. "See it spout!" And sure enough, we could see its big, black body at the top of the water as it came up to blow and breathe.

The ocean was full of surprises. One warm day I called Father to see some little birds down near the water. "Where do they come from and how do they disappear so?" I asked, for suddenly not one of them was to be seen.

"They have flown into the water," said Father. "They aren't birds at all. They are flying-fishes."

"Fishes with wings? Oh, the lucky creatures!" I cried. "Shouldn't I like to be one, to swim through the water and fly through the air!"

"There they come again," said Father. They made a pretty sight, flitting through the air and finally diving into the side of a big, rolling wave.

Six days after we left San Francisco we reached Honolulu, and in that short time we had managed to change seasons again. We found the Hawaiians

enjoying summer in February. It was so warm that I put on my short-sleeved dress, and we all went swimming on the beautiful Waikiki beach, which is bordered by palm trees.

After we had all been splashing around awhile, Mother told me to sit on the warm sand and see what would happen. She said, "Ever since I was a little girl, I've wanted to ride the surf at Honolulu, and now Father and I are going to try it."

"How do you ride the surf, Mother?" I asked.

"Look, look," she answered, pointing out over the water, "there's a man doing it!" And then I saw a wonder-

ful sight. On top of a big, combing wave that was racing toward us, rode a man, standing upright. With flying hair, he shot along, balancing himself with his arms, as the lady did who rode the white horse in the circus.



How the Hawaiians ride the surf
at Honolulu

I could not believe what I saw. "How can he?" I asked. "Is it magic?"

"No, but doesn't it look like it?" Mother answered. "He's riding a surf board." Then she turned to Father. "Come!" she said, "we'll have to try it."

They each took a thing that looked like an ironing-board and pushed out among the breakers with it. They never had ridden the surf before, you know, and part of the time they rode under the waves instead of on top of them. Sometimes all I could see of either parent would be an arm or a foot stuck out through the waves. But their heads always came up after a while, sputtering and laughing. It was jolly fun, and I decided to learn to swim right away, so that the next time I stopped at Honolulu I could go surf-coasting, too.

Honolulu, with all its wonderful flowers and fruits and pretty colored fishes, was very beautiful, but I was glad that we soon were on our ship again, when every day was bringing us nearer the Philippine Islands.



CHAPTER II

THROUGH A TYPHOON

It was a lonely stretch of sea between Honolulu and Japan. Just look at it on the globe or the map and see how big the distance is. The map looks full of islands, but the ocean did not. The islands were always too far away to see, and whatever ships were on the ocean at that time kept out of our sight, too, for eleven whole days. But the weather was lovely, and the ocean peaceful, until one black day. That was the beginning of the typhoon.

Do you know what a typhoon is? It is what they

call a hurricane in the West Indies, and just a bad storm on the North Atlantic Ocean. I think a typhoon is the worst of them all. That is the name they give the great ocean storms that come up on the coast of Japan and China and often wreck many ships. I am glad I have been in a typhoon at sea, for it is a very wonderful experience, but I never wish to be in another. Neither do Mother and Father. This one was awful.

We were nearing Japan and were to reach it the next day, when our trouble began. The wind had been blowing very hard all day; the sky was full of strange-looking clouds, and the waves were running wonderfully high. Father and I were standing outside, watching our ship plunge her nose into the giant waves and send showers of spray over the deck. One of the officers warned us that it was not very safe to be standing there. The wind did almost blow us off our feet, but we held on tight to the railing and watched the great, foaming waves go tumbling by us.

Suddenly I saw a wave rise far up against the sky, much higher than any of the others, and then it came rushing right toward the ship. Father saw it, too, and snatching me up, ran with all his might for the

companionway. He had just taken hold of the door knob when we were both bumped hard against the door and found ourselves floating in a stream of deep water that was pulling us toward the rail. Father held on tight to the door knob and to me, and a minute later we were lying bruised and drenched on the deck.

"Is the ship sinking?" I gasped, my nose and mouth full of water.

"No, it was just the big wave," Father answered. "It came aboard the ship, and it almost took us off with it. Here comes another! We mustn't lose a second."

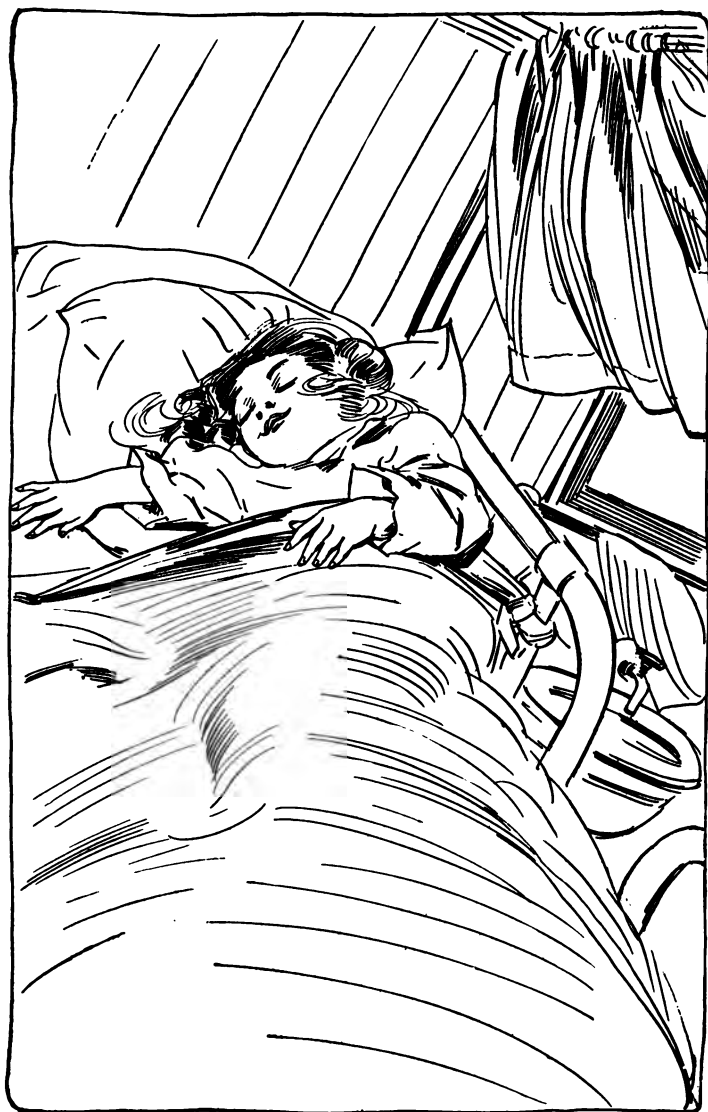
We jumped inside, and slammed the door just in time to hear the next wave thunder against the ship and sweep angrily over the deck. We could hardly get down to our cabin, the ship began to lurch so wildly. The stairs flew out from under us and again crushed up against us so that we could not lift our feet. Doors banged shut in our faces when we opened them, and as we zigzagged down the hall we fell into the arms of the ship's doctor, though we were trying our best to keep out of his way as we passed him. He did not like it, either, because we were so dripping wet. The entire ship seemed possessed by a wicked

fairy who was bound to work us all harm. It was not hard to believe that there was a whole band of demons outside in the storm, trying to bring the ship to destruction. How the wind roared and the waves crashed and the good boat leaped and shuddered!

Darkness came very early that day, and then I grew frightened. There we were out alone on the wide ocean, in a terrible storm, so far from land. Thousands of black waves were plunging at our little ship, trying to drag her under. How could any boat conquer that army of fierce waves? Father and Mother and I stayed together in our little cabin, all lying in our berths, because we did not feel well; and besides we could not sit on chairs if we wished to, unless they were screwed down. When we tried it we were thrown right over on the floor, the boat was rolling so.

I must have gone to sleep in spite of the awful storm, for the next thing I knew there was a little daylight, and I heard Mother saying to Father that it had been a comfort to her all through the terrible night to have us at least all together.

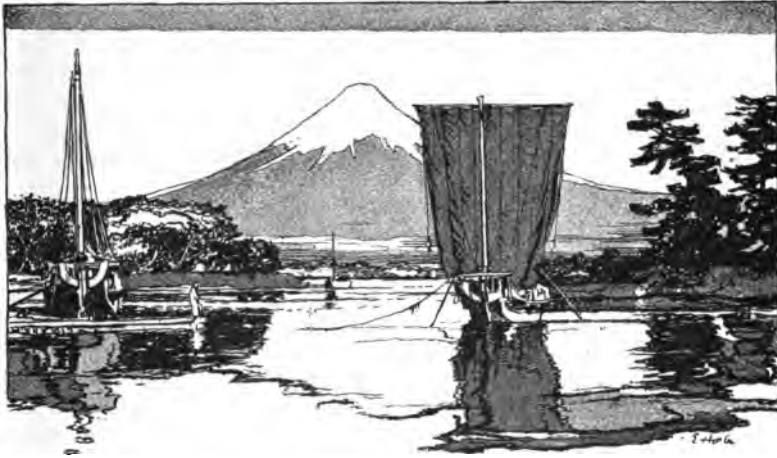
The typhoon did not moderate any that day, and we had to give up seeing Japan at the time we had



The storm-tossed ship proves a comfortable cradle

hoped to; but we were very thankful to be afloat still and were willing enough to let the ship take all the time she needed to reach Japan, if only she would get us there sometime. When night fell again, the typhoon was still raging, and the ship was groaning and shaking as badly as ever, but I was no longer so afraid. We had come through one night safely, and I thought how wonderful it was that men could make such fine, strong ships, and sail them too, so that they could outride the fiercest ocean storms. When I said my little prayer that night, I thanked God that He had given people power to overcome such great danger. The ship was still rolling so heavily that Mother had to tie me into my berth, but I went to sleep feeling safe and happy.

The next morning the sun was shining brightly, the typhoon had left us, and there ahead of us were the blue mountain shores of Japan, with the great snow-capped sacred mountain Fujiyama towering right up to heaven.



CHAPTER III

STRANGE LANDS AND SEAS

“Land never looked so beautiful to me before,” said Mother, as we steamed into the harbor of Yokohama.

“Something is wrong with the air, though,” said Father, looking very uncomfortable.

“Put on your overcoat, dear,” said Mother to him, “and you will find the air improved.”

“Oh, we are having a different season again, aren’t we, Mother?” I said. “It’s no more summer or even spring.”

"No, it is just freezing winter in Japan," she answered, pulling her furs closer around her.

Before we went ashore, we unpacked all our warm clothes, but even with these on we shivered all the time. The air is always damp in Japan, and it does no good to go indoors, for the houses are not warmed. Worst of all, when we did go into a tea house, the master of the tea house made us all take off our shoes for fear of soiling his nice clean floors. This made my feet colder than ever.

"Never mind, Barbara," said Father, "let's enjoy shivering while we may. In a few days we shall be where it is so hot that a good sh-sh-shiver will be the rarest kind of t-t-treat."

Father's teeth chattered so hard when he was saying these hopeful things that I had to laugh. But my feet did not stop aching, and I really could not have kept from crying much longer if a pretty Japanese girl had not come up to me smiling.

"Ohi O," she said, and then she began to play tag with me. She could not speak English, and I could not speak Japanese; but we understood each other's tag, and we had a merry game. My feet were warm by the time dinner was ready, and as we all had to sit



Dinner in Japan

on the floor, the way the Japanese people do, I was able to tuck my toes under my skirt and keep them comfortable.

When we reached China, there was, as usual, another season prepared for us. This time it was a sort of autumn they were having in March. It was mild and dry and pleasant, as it is in our fall. The land was waiting for the rainy season, to make it green and springlike.

It was fine weather for picnics. One day we had one on the high peak above the city of Hongkong. This peak looks over the great harbor, and when you are on it you can see the ships far below, coming in from all parts of the world all the time.

"They look like toy ships, don't they, Mother?" I said. But we knew they were really great boats bringing their cargoes thousands of miles, from Australia and India and Europe and America, and many other lands which you can probably think of.

When we sailed from China toward Manila, which is the largest city in the Philippines, we soon felt what our next season would be. Every hour the sun shone more fiercely, and the sea-breezes grew warmer, until the last night on the boat it was so hot that I

could not sleep. How I wished then that I was back in chilly Japan! I tossed around in my berth and turned my pillow over ninety-nine times.

Finally Mother looked into the cabin and saw me flopping my pillow the hundredth time. "Haven't you been asleep, dear?" she said.

"No, Mother, and I never, never can sleep tonight," I answered.

"How would you like to try it up on deck?" she asked. "Father has made a beautiful bed for you up there on two steamer chairs."

Then Mother dried my perspiration, and Father carried me up to the deck, where the wind blew hard but not too cool. It was lovely there. Thousands of stars glittered in the heavens, and Father showed me the Southern Cross, which is made of four very bright stars in the shape of a kite. Grown people call the shape a cross, though, and some feel proud when they have seen it because they have to travel so far before they can. It is much too far south to be seen from any place in the United States, and so when people say that they have seen the Southern Cross everybody knows they have been great travelers.

It was so beautiful there on the deck in the wind,

which blew warm and cool at the same time, that instead of being afraid I should never get to sleep, I was afraid that I should. The night was full of wonderful things. The waves as they splashed against the side of our ship seemed to break into a thousand little balls of fire. These fire balls then ran past in golden streams as our ship pushed on through the black water. Father called this golden fire phosphorescence. The wind was full of sweet perfumes that floated over the water from the Philippine forests, for we were near the Islands now and could dimly see the high black mountains against the dark night sky in the east.

But my eyes would not keep open, even among all these lovely wonders, and before I knew it the blazing sun had peeped over the horizon. We were close to the high, green shores of Luzon, the largest of the Philippine Islands. All the air was sweet with perfume, for we had finally reached the country of everlasting summer. It had taken so long to reach it, and we had seen such strange sights on the way, that it seemed to me it could hardly be the real world, and I felt that I was sailing into fairy-land.

I asked Mother if she was not very happy. She

said, "Indeed I am, dear, and what I am most happy about is that I have brought you safely across that great, lonely ocean and that I need fear no more your slipping over the rail into the water."

It was too bad Mother had to be anxious about that deck rail all the time, as I had not been anxious once the entire way across. All the same, if you do fall over, it is very bad, for the ocean is five or six miles deep in places, and the ship goes very fast and often it is stormy, and there are sharks waiting for you, too. When your mother thinks of all these things, it is no wonder she is frightened.



CHAPTER IV

A SURPRISING CITY

As soon as we had landed in Manila and gone through the custom-house, a tiny pony, pulling a little two-wheeled carriage, was driven up to where we stood.

“Quilez?” said the driver.

“He seems to want us to get into his carriage,” said Father.

“But how can that little bit of a horse pull us all?” I asked.

“Look, the street is full of little ponies pulling big

loads," said Father. "These horses don't seem to know they are little. It is evidently the style here to be small. Let us see what this pony can do for us."

We all climbed into the quilez and were immediately whirled away by the little horse, whose tiny feet clattered along so fast that we seemed to go as rapidly as a large horse could have taken us. And then what strange sights we began to see! The river, the boats, the houses, the trees, the animals, the people, indeed all the things we saw, were so different from the things at home that we three had to nudge each other every minute and say: "Oh, look! Oh, see! How queer! How funny!"

Among all the strange sights, the people themselves were the strangest. "What a pretty brown their skin is!" I said. "It is like a fresh horse-chestnut."

"I never saw men wear lace coats before," said Mother. "See that old man across the street."

"He hasn't anything on under his lace coat," I said, "and his brown skin shines right through."

"The wind can blow through, too," said Mother. "What a comfortable way to dress, for, oh, isn't it hot in Manila!"

"See that little brown baby sitting on its mother's

hip," Father said next. The mother's black hair was streaming down her back, and on her head she carried a market basket. The baby, dressed only in a little shirt, was holding on safely with his arms and legs.

"The babies here take their airing differently from the babies in Japan," said Mother.

"Yes," I answered. "There they were all riding on their older sisters' backs."

The animals we saw on our first ride in Manila were almost as strange as the people. Right across the busiest street, called the Escolta, men were driving huge creatures with enormous horns. Father told me that these creatures were water-buffaloes, that in the Philippines they were called carabaos, and that they did a great deal of work for the Filipinos.

"Their horns look rather frightful to me," I said.

"They are frightful when the carabaos use them," said Father. "Once in a great while a carabao is thrown into a rage and charges with awful fury and speed at any one who is near him."

Only a day or two after Father said this, he was unlucky enough to provoke a carabao, and he found out how truly he had spoken. He came very near losing his life when the mad carabao rushed at him.

Father dodged into a thick clump of bamboo and the buffalo missed him, but it went on down the road and did catch a little brown woman with her baby on her hip. The furious animal tossed the mother high in the air, wounding her terribly, but I am glad to say that she did not die; and the little baby, who clung silently to his mother's hip through it all, was not hurt in the least.

But I wish to tell you a little more about what we saw on our ride. The people and the animals were not the only strange sights. The trees and brilliant flowers amazed us, too. We kept saying as we looked at the trees, "Oh, how green, how wonderfully green, they are!" Our trees at home are green, of course, in summer, but their green is nothing like the green of the Manila trees, any more than our first pale grass of March is like our bright green grass in June.

I was delighted with the pretty bamboo trees that grew in clumps, sometimes sixty feet high. "They look like great green ostrich feathers," I said.

"Do you know," said Father, "that the bamboo trees are as wonderful as they are pretty? The Filipinos use the wood to make almost anything they need, from houses to mats and hats, and even guns."

"I never heard of wooden guns before," I said.
"Do you mean pop-guns, Father?"

"Indeed I don't," he answered. "I mean big, noisy, deadly guns. Bamboo guns were used to salute the American fleet when it visited these islands. You see the bamboo trunk is hollow except at the sections. The Filipinos, by scooping out the sections, get ready-made tubes of almost any length or width they please. They use these tubes for all sorts of things,—poles, organ pipes, water pipes, cooking utensils, pails, flutes, and guns, and a hundred things more."

"It seems as if the Filipinos might get on very well without any other trees than bamboo," I said.

"It does," said Father; "but, of course, they would want some fruit trees besides, though the bamboo does furnish them food too. The bamboo sprout when it is cooked is said to be delicious. Perhaps we shall have some today."

"It certainly is a wonderful tree," I said; "but how in the world can the people make mats and hats of its wood?"

"They split the stems into strands for weaving. They use rather coarse strands for the mats and the finer ones for the hats. The hats made in the town



Bamboo land

of Baliwag are light as feathers and fine as silk. You and Mother must each have one." Perhaps the strangest thing about the bamboo tree is that it isn't really a tree at all, but a kind of giant grass. Just think of grass growing sixty feet high!

Soon we came to a whole avenue of handsome trees, different from any we had yet seen. Our cocherro (driver) told us that they were called rain trees, because their leaves close up in the rain. We found that the fireflies loved these trees, which after dark sparkled like fairy palaces with thousands of little moving lights.

The trees that gave us the greatest delight on all our lovely drive were the ilang ilang trees, which grow only in the Philippines. Their yellow blossoms gave out the sweetest perfume in the world. Maybe your mother has a bottle of ilang ilang perfume. If she has, take a good smell of it, or if she has not, go to the drug store and ask for some, and see how sweet all the air smelled in Manila, near the ilang ilang groves.

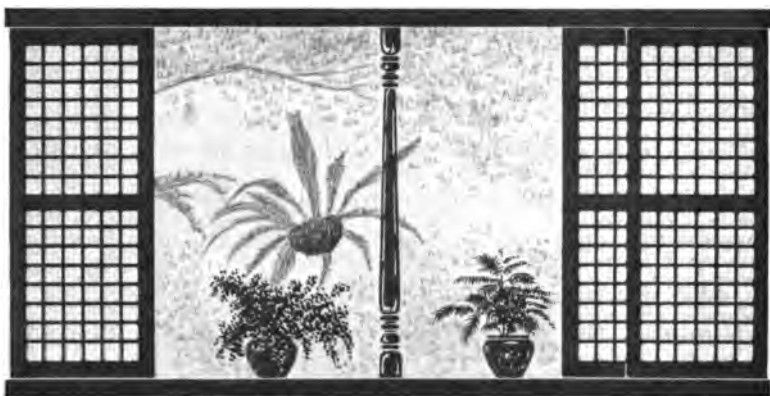
Another strange thing I noticed on our first ride in Manila was the way the walls of the houses could slide open.

"They don't have windows like ours at home, do they, Father?" I asked.

"No, indeed. Such little windows as ours are not enough for people in the tropics. They need all the breeze they can get, and so they make the whole sides of their houses to slide open like rolling doors."

Some of the houses that we passed were so wide open that we saw almost everything that was going on in them,—families sitting at their dinners, babies sleeping in their cradles, and cooks at work in their kitchens. It was surely the strangest place I was ever in. That night, when Mother tucked me up under my mosquito bar, but with no bedclothes over me, in our queer, open room, I told her that if I should wake up in New York the next morning and find that our trip to Manila had been a long, curious dream, I should not be much surprised.

The Manila roosters the next morning told me, though, that Manila was not a dream. About ten thousand of them began to crow as soon as the day dawned, and that was the end of my dreaming.



CHAPTER V

AT HOME IN MANILA

Our first morning in Manila brought a happy surprise in the form of two little American children, Tommy and Betty, who called on us with their parents. As these children had lived in the Philippines all their lives, I had of course never seen them before; but Father and Mother had long been close friends of their parents and had read me so many letters about them that when I saw them I felt acquainted at once.

I cannot tell you how good it was to find nice English-speaking Tommy and Betty, after meeting so many strange-looking children with such strange-sounding tongues in so many strange lands. These

two looked as if they could play all the games that I liked to play, and I was wishing that I could have them with me all the time when their mother made the delightful proposal that Father and Mother and I should come and stay at their house as long as we should be in Manila.

“We shall all be going to the mountains in a few weeks,” she said, “and until then we want the pleasure of showing the city to you.”

I held my breath till Mother answered, for I felt that if she refused this invitation, I should not care for Manila any more. Meeting Tommy and Betty that morning had made me suddenly see that no place in the world is worth much without playmates. How glad I was when Mother thanked her friend and told her that it would please us all very much to accept her kind invitation!

Tommy and Betty had been waiting as eagerly as I to hear what Mother would say, and when she had spoken, they jumped up with a shout and carried me along with them out of the house.

“We’re going to take you home with us right away!” they cried, without stopping for any one’s permission; and though the sun was beating on us

just like a wide-open furnace, we ran all the way till we reached their pleasant house.

A barefooted Filipino boy who was watering plants on the veranda, smiled a greeting at us as we ran up the walk. Tommy explained that he was one of the muchachos who did the housework.

"Doesn't your mother have a girl to help her?" I asked.

"Oh, no," answered Tommy. "Mariano here and Alberto, the other house boy, do the waiting on table and cleaning and chamber work. Wing Fat, the Chinese cook, gets the meals, and Antonio, the cochero, takes care of the ponies."

"What a lot of servants!" I said. "Does every one here have so many?"

"A good many people do. Mother says it is the only way to get the work done. You see, none of the boys want to do more than one thing. Here is Alberto, now," said Tommy, as we entered the big living room and met the other smiling muchacho; "he doesn't like to do anything but polish the floors."

Alberto certainly liked to do that, and any one would in the way he was doing it. With big cloth pads fastened to the soles of his bare feet, he was

skating all over the floor, which was as smooth and shiny as our mahogany dining table.

"What fun!" I cried. "I wish your mother would let me be her floor-polishing muchacho."

There was something new to see every minute of that day. Now and then a Chinese pedler came to the door, with a whole dry-goods store loaded on his back. He would unroll his beautiful linens on the floor, while everybody sat around admiring them and talking pidgin-English with the good-natured Chinese.

Then there was the boy who brought flowers to sell, in a flat basket lined with pieces of cool banana leaves to keep them fresh. He had tiny roses, gay red hibiscus flowers, fragrant tube-roses, and what Betty and I liked best of all,—long necklaces made by stringing the dainty sweet-smelling sampaguita blossoms on a cotton thread, with a red rose for a locket.



Flowers to sell

Once or twice Filipino women with long, hanging hair came to offer old embroideries and jewelry for sale. Strange people were coming and going all day, and all were made pleasantly welcome.

"How polite and happy every one seems!" I said to Mother.

"Aren't the Filipinos' manners charming?" she answered. "What low, sweet voices the women have, and how much dignity!"

The first day with our friends came to an end with a drive to the Luneta, which is a park near Manila Bay. Every one who can, comes here at sunset to see his friends. As we drove up to it, the Luneta made a pretty sight. A procession of carriages with gaily dressed ladies in them was moving about the green where the band played. Little companies of Filipino convent girls in white marched here and there, led by black-robed nuns. Children were playing games on the grass, and friends were greeting one another.

"It looks like some great holiday, doesn't it, Father?" I said.

"Yes," he answered, "and to think that they have it every day in this delightful town!"

When the concert was ended, we drove down a palm-bordered avenue until we reached the great wall of the old city of Manila.

“What a wonderful wall!” I cried. “See the people walking on the top of it. Let us try to get up, too.”

We left our carriages and then found steps that led to the top of the wall. But you must not suppose that this wall is anything like the ones we children like to climb at home. Those walls are not more than three to six feet high, are they?

What would you think of a wall that was thirty feet high and so broad that the people had vegetable gardens on the top? That is the kind of wall they have around the old city of Manila. While we were sitting on it, enjoying the cool twilight breeze and watching the people drive by us on the avenue below, I said to Father: “How did this big wall happen to be built? Is there a story about it?”

“There are many stories about it,” he answered, “and stories about all the Philippines as well. I shall have time to tell you just one before it is dark.”

Then, while the sun was setting behind the purple mountains along the bay, Father told this story.



CHAPTER VI

ONCE UPON A TIME

“Four hundred years ago there were no white men in the Philippines, nor had the white men ever seen these islands. But they did know that somewhere off in a strange ocean there were islands from which came rare and costly things. These islands, they knew, were full of sugar and spice, and all things nice, and the men of long ago did not rest till they found them. Portuguese sailors were the first to find the way to the Spice Islands, and they found it by sailing around the southern end of Africa.

“The King of Spain was as anxious as any one to find a way to the Spice Islands, because he thought trade with them would make him and his country very rich. But the Portuguese would not let his ships go by the way that they had found. So one day he called a great sea captain to him—Magellan was this captain’s name—and said to him, ‘I will give you five good ships which you can sail anywhere you please, if you will go and try to find another way to the Spice Islands. Probably you will find new countries and islands, and you must call all these new countries and islands mine.’

“Magellan was delighted, for he believed he could find the Spice Islands if any one in the world could, and he did not mind giving them to the King. He always enjoyed finding islands more than keeping them. So he set sail with his five pretty little ships, and sped away from Spain on what was to be a longer voyage than the very bravest sailor in the world had ever yet taken.

“Our voyage to the Philippines seemed long, didn’t it? We were four weeks in our ship, and there were many days at a time when we saw neither land nor sail nor sea-bird. But instead of days, there were

months at a time when Magellan saw none of these things. During these long months, every morning as soon as the sun rose he and his men would search the horizon for land. All day they would seek in vain, and evening would come as it had a hundred times before, when the whole world seemed made of nothing but black waves tumbling around them. Their food gave out and their water too, and despair settled in their hearts. But the longest voyage has to end sometime, and Magellan's ended a year and a half after he started."

"How could it take him so long?" I asked.

"There were three good reasons why it took him so long. The first was that Magellan had only sails to carry his ships along. In those days no one ever dreamed of a steamship, such as our *Manchuria*, which could rush through the water in calm or storm, never stopping a moment till it reached the journey's end. When the breezes stopped blowing, Magellan's ship had to wait; and when the wind grew stormy, it had to wait again, for the sails could not be spread in a storm, for fear the gale would blow them to pieces or overturn the ship. And even when the wind was fair, as the sailors say, and the ship was skimming



Magellan seeking the Spice Islands

merrily over the waves, it really went so much slower than our big steamships do, that you would be put in mind of a snail and a swallow if you could see them starting out together.

“The second reason why it took Magellan so long to reach the Philippines was that he had to find a way into the great ocean where he thought the Spice Islands might be. This took him over a year. You may be sure he was happy when he did find the ocean path. He was so pleased with his discovery that he named the straits he passed through for himself, just as if he were naming his own son.

“The third reason for the length of his trip was that when he got into the great ocean which he named the Pacific, he had to look for the Spice Islands. He could not point his ships at them as the captains do today. It was a great game of ‘I spy’ he had with those islands, and he never really found them, though his sailors did after his death. But Magellan did reach a group of islands which he learned was near the Spice Islands, and great was his joy and that of his sailors. After suffering so much, they had at last done such a wonderful thing that people would always remember it and talk about it.

“When their feet really touched the shore, Magellan was so full of happiness that he could hardly speak, but his heart within him spoke like this: ‘If I should die today, I should not grieve, for I have done the thing I wanted to do more than anything else in my whole life. I have found the way around the world, and millions and millions of people will rejoice with me.’

“These thoughts of noble Magellan were almost a prophecy, for in a few weeks he was dead, killed by the natives on the shores which he had found at the cost of great suffering. But his sailors went on, and after many trials and misfortunes, what was left of the expedition reached Spain again. Magellan had set out with five ships and two hundred and thirty-four men. Three years later, one ship and eighteen men sailed into the harbor of Seville. Just imagine how the people of Seville must have run out of their houses and crowded the streets to see those eighteen weather-beaten sailors, the first men to sail around the world!

“Before Magellan was killed, he had kept his promise to the King of Spain, and taken the islands in the King’s name. From that time, so long past,

until only a few years ago, these islands that we now call the Philippines, have belonged to Spain. It was the Spaniards who built this great, beautiful wall on which we are sitting, in order to keep their enemies out of their new city of Manila. And much use they found for the wall, too. Sometimes the natives would attack them, but would be stopped by the great wall. Sometimes, too, far-away countries would send their ships to take the islands away from Spain. For many years the wall kept the city safe, and only once did an enemy succeed in breaking through. That was in 1765, when the English, who were at war with Spain, brought big guns ashore and made a hole in the wall.

“Then Manila was left in peace until, in 1898, a great thing happened. Our own country was at war with Spain, and our ships were ordered to come into Manila. The Spaniards tried to keep our ships out as they had the ships of their other enemies, but they couldn't. There was a sad, terrible battle, in which many Spanish ships and sailors were destroyed; and then the Spaniards gave Manila and the Philippine Islands up to our country, which has owned them ever since.”

“And so this is really a part of our country now, Father?” I asked, knocking the wall a little with my heel to make sure it was not a dream wall, for the story of Magellan and his ships and the strange ocean all seemed to me like a fairy story. I was sure that I could see one of Magellan’s ships all made of gold in the sunset clouds over the bay.

“It is indeed part of our country,” said Father. “We should never have come here if it weren’t. But see how dark it is getting! We must hurry back for dinner.”



CHAPTER VII

TO THE BENGUET MOUNTAINS

A few days after Father told me about Magellan, we began to get ready for a trip to the mountains of Benguet. We were all going to live in tents and have ponies to ride, and have such fine times in the mountain forests that we could hardly wait till the day should come for us to go.

One night while I was dreaming of the fun we should have, I was waked up from my sleep by hearing Father and Mother moving around the room and talking softly.

"What's happening?" I asked.

"Oh, are you awake, Barbara? That's good," Mother said. "We are going to start in an hour."

"Start where?" I yawned, sitting up under my mosquito net and rubbing my eyes.

"You funny little girl," Mother said, coming over to my bed and loosening my net so that I could get out. "Have you forgotten all about our trip to the mountains?"

"But we were going to start on that tomorrow."

"It is tomorrow already, dear," Mother said, laughing. "It is just half-past four in the morning."

"Morning, and so dark?" I asked; but I jumped out of bed without any more questions, because I did not want to miss the train that was to take us to the beautiful mountains. I was ready before either Father or Mother, for in Manila I wore only three things besides my socks and sandals. Father and Mother had to wear more "for appearances," they said, but they both wished they could dress as I did. Nowadays in New York, when I have to put on my leggings and arctics and mittens and sweater and coat and fur collar and toboggan cap, besides all the other things that take so long in the morning, I feel pretty

homesick for nice warm Manila and my three little pieces of cool clothing besides my socks and sandals.

After a while Mother and Father were through putting on their "appearances," and we all sat down to



In Manila

breakfast, with the stars still shining. They were pale little morning stars, though, and their lights went out before we had finished. The great fiery sun of Manila was preparing to come up, and all the stars hurried

to hide before he could peep at them.

The sun was rising when we started for the station in our two-wheeled carromatas, and it was shining hot into the queer little railroad cars when we reached the station. It turned the cars into ovens, in which we baked on that long, thirsty day. The train began

to move at half-past six in the morning, but we did not get to our journey's end until five o'clock in the afternoon. And we did not go very far, either. Father told us that in the United States it would have taken us less than half as long a time. But here is a funny thing about the Filipinos. When they pay for a railroad ride, they want as long a ride as they can possibly have for the money. If it takes them all day to reach a place they are very much



In New York

pleased, and so the trains are run in such a way that it takes about all day to get anywhere.

We should not have minded it very much if we had not become so thirsty. Every few minutes my new little friend Betty and I would run to our mothers for a drink. They gave us water as long as it lasted, and

then we had to sit and think of Magellan and his men and how awful it must have been for them too out on the salt Pacific Ocean when their water was gone.

While we were all miserable with thirst, and I was wishing we had never left New York, my father thought of a fine plan. The engine happened to be taking one of its long rests right in a coconut grove. So Betty's father and mine left the train and got some Filipinos to climb the tall coconut palms and chop down a lot of coconuts. These coconuts were green and full of juice, which we drank. Some people call the coconut milk delicious. I don't at all. What we drank was lukewarm, of course, but it was wet and we were very thankful for it. There was something strange about it, too, for we did not become thirsty any more after drinking it.

Our train journey came to an end at last, and then we found mules and a wagon waiting to take us through the river and on up into the mountains. There was no bridge, and the four mules splashed bravely into the swift water, pulling us after them in the wagon. The water dashed higher and higher against the wheels, and our wagon jolted roughly over the stones on the bottom. When we were out in

the middle of the river, the water struck the bodies of the two front mules. They jumped, trying to get out of the water, and then turned back for shore. It looked as if we should all be pitched out into the swift river. The driver jerked the reins, yelled, and cracked his whip, but all this did no good. The mules knew where they wanted to go, and it was not where the driver wanted to have them.

They had about persuaded the other mules to go back with them, when Father jumped into the water with all his clothes on.

"Oh, Father! What are you doing?" I screamed. "The river will carry you away!"

It was making fierce little waves all around his waist. He did not answer, but splashed over to the bad mules and grasped their bridles. They squealed with surprise and anger and waved their ears and tails in all directions.

"Come on!" shouted Father, pulling their ears pretty hard. He led them back to their place in front of the other mules and then climbed up on the back of one of them. The driver stood up, waving his whip, and then all four mules together, with great snortings and splashings, galloped through the river to the

other side, dragging the heavy, swaying wagon after them.

Soon we were riding high and dry over one of the loveliest mountain roads in the world. When the mules had first begun their jumping, my friend Betty had pulled her hat over her face so that she should not see the terrible things that might happen. She was still holding it there when her mother said, "Would you like to hear about your crossing the river when you were a baby, Betty?" Betty peeped carefully out from behind her hat, and as she saw nothing but smooth road passing under the wagon, and lovely green trees gliding by on each side, she put her hat where it belonged and turned to hear her mother's story.



CHAPTER VIII

DANGERS OF YESTERDAY

“Seven years ago,” her mother began, “our baby Betty was very sick, and we had to take her up to the Benguet mountains to save her life. There was no fine road here then, such as we are now traveling on, so we had to go on horseback. Betty was only six months old, and so sick that I wasn’t willing to let any one else hold her. The wild men of these mountains, the brave and friendly Igorots, wanted to carry my baby for me. I did let them take baby Tommy, who was two years old, but I kept baby Betty in my own arms, or rather in one arm, for the rain was

pouring over us and one arm I needed to hold my umbrella."

"How could you hold the bridle reins, then?" Betty asked.

"I couldn't. I really needed three hands, but having only two, I had to let the horse go as he pleased. He followed the other horses in our party pretty well. Up and down the steep trails he went after them, but on the steepest, stoniest spots he often slipped, and Betty and I would almost slide off, first over his head and then over his tail. Often the trail took us by the edge of great precipices, and I sometimes wonder now how it happened that we did not slip off and go down, baby and pony and all.

"When we first started out and came to the river, the little horse didn't want to go through. Neither did I, for the water was rushing along very fiercely; but I knew that on the other side of that water were waiting life and health for my poor pale baby, and so I urged the little pony to take us across. A good Igorot went into the stream to lead him, the way Barbara's father just now led the mules. When we got to the middle of the stream, the poor little horse fell down on his knees, and down I was plunged into the



How Baby Tommy traveled at Baguio

water; but I managed to keep my seat in the saddle. Dropping my umbrella, which went sailing down the stream, I raised the baby high in my arms to keep her out of the water, while the pony was struggling to get back on his feet. It looked for a minute as if the stream would surely roll him over, and Betty and me with him, but at last with a big effort he rose to his feet and splashed swiftly up to the bank. Then the good Igorot who had helped us across ran along the bank after my umbrella, which had luckily been caught in some bushes a little way down the stream."

Here Betty's mother looked at her. "What are you smiling at, Betty?" she asked.

"I was thinking how silly I was to be frightened just now, after going through so much worse things when I was a baby."

"That's the way to talk, Betty," said her father. "There isn't much to fear now in the Philippines. It was a wild and dangerous country when the Americans first came here, but they have changed it. Your mother and I went through plenty of dangers then. The Spaniards had taken very poor care of the country. There were awful sicknesses here waiting to strike people down. You yourself, Betty, almost

died, and so did Tommy, because we couldn't get good, clean milk as we can now. Besides the sickness and the dangers of traveling, such as your mother has just told you of, the land was full of thieves and even murderers. Once a thousand wild Igorots in these same mountains set after me with their spears and their axes and tried to take my life. There, I see an Igorot this very minute, leaning against that tree."

Betty and I both screamed, and Betty's hat went down over her face again.

"Hush!" she whispered. "Don't let him see or hear us."

Her father laughed. "Oh, the Igorots are good friends of ours now. They have found out that we treat them kindly and fairly, very differently from the way the Spaniards did."

Then he called out "Good evening" to the Igorot. The man, who had been watching us silently, showed his white teeth in a smile and gave a little grunt, which was his way of greeting friends.

"Come, Betty," said her father, "come out from your hat and take a good look at our handsome friend."

He certainly was worth looking at. I had never

seen a living thing like him, for he looked very much like the pretty bronze statue we have on our mantel-piece at home. He had the same shining brown color and had no more on him than the statue. Our wagon soon went around a bend, and we could not see him any longer.

"Are there many more like him?" I asked.

"The woods are full of them," said Betty's father. "There are about a hundred and seventy thousand Igorots in these wild mountains. If you think that man was wonderful to see, you will surely enjoy seeing the fat, brown Igorot babies. You'll see plenty of the little tots before long."

The shadows were falling fast in the forest by this time, and we could see only a little way into the woods. I wondered how many bright, black eyes might be peeping at us from behind the tree branches. I could hear strange noises and calls in the darkness, and I wished I were sure that all the Igorots were as friendly as the one who had smiled so pleasantly at us.

I was very glad when at last our wagon stopped at a low bamboo bungalow where we were to spend the night. I thought it would be good to have a roof and

walls between us and the woods, and whatever might be in them. But in that I was disappointed. The bamboo hotel was already full of people. They couldn't let us have any rooms at all, and we had to sleep—where do you suppose? Out on the floor of the porch. Betty and I asked to sleep nearest the walls of the house, so that any one who tried to get us would have to step over three or four people first. Our mothers said they were willing for us to sleep there, but that we must overcome all our fears that night, for the next night we should sleep right out in the forest. Betty and I screamed a little at such a terrible idea, and we hugged each other close; but even then our fears were beginning to leave us.

It seemed very good after that long, long day of traveling (you remember that we got up in the dark at half-past four) to be in bed on the nice soft floor of the porch. I really mean nice soft floor, because it was made of woven bamboo. This kind of floor sinks down under your feet when you walk on it, and reminds you of the time you had fun jumping on the beds before your mother stopped you.

It was lovely out there on the porch in the night. The waterfall was singing merrily, and the trees were

whispering little night songs in their branches and shaking down sweet-smelling breezes that floated over our heads like little dreams. The air was full of cool fragrance, and as I slipped off to sleep, which I did very soon, I heard a little voice in my head saying, "We are in the loveliest place in the world."



CHAPTER IX

IN THE MULE-WAGON

Our night on the porch floor was not a long one, for we were all up at half-past four again the next morning. We still had many miles to drive before we reached the highest mountains, and it was better for the mules to do their heavy pulling before the sun beat down on them too hot. So before sunrise we were off, our mules trotting gaily through the dark, quiet forest.

There were now great mountains on all sides of us, higher and steeper than any I have ever seen even in pictures. Suddenly the top of the highest one seemed

to turn into gold. "Look, Mother!" I said. "See how it shines!"

"Oh, it's the sunrise!" Mother cried. "Sunrise in the mountains is one of the prettiest sights in the world."

"Where is the sun?" I asked. "I thought you always saw it at sunrise."

"Not in the mountains," said Mother. "We are deep in the valley where the sun won't find us for another hour. In the meantime we can enjoy seeing him pick out his favorite mountain-tops to shine on. There he is lighting up that high one ahead of us." As we looked, the shining golden light spread over the mountain-top and started creeping gently down the sides. Then we all began to watch for new mountains to be lighted up, and before we stopped we had counted fourteen.

"I never thought of the sun as having so much to do," I said. "He's a sort of lamp-lighter for the whole world, isn't he?" Just as I said this something bright struck my eyes, and there, over a low mountain, peeped the sun himself, and really there was a smile on his face.

We drove on hour after hour, the mules pulling us

steadily up higher and higher. We would reach the top of a great mountain wall, only to find another to climb beyond it. All the time the air became cooler and sweeter, and finally it grew so cool that we were glad to put on our sweaters. I had not thought of my sweater since I left Japan.

"How can we be needing these warm clothes in the hot Philippines?" I asked.

"The air in these wonderful Benguet mountains is always cool," answered Betty's father. "There is no other region like them in this part of the world. When people find out about them, as they will before long, they will come in flocks to enjoy them. Already the people in China are beginning to hear of them and are sailing over here to get cooled off."

"Why haven't people known about them before?" I asked Betty.

"Almost no one dared come here in the Spanish days," answered her father. "Unless a traveler had many soldiers with him, he was sure to be killed by the Igorots."

"Why were the Igorots so fierce with the Spaniards?" I asked.

"The Spaniards treated them so badly," Betty's

father said. "They took their rice away from them and made them do hard work without any pay. They treated them worse than slaves, and so the Igorots hated them. The time they tried to kill me they hadn't yet learned that the Americans were different from the Spaniards and meant them only good."

"Are you sure they all know it now?" Betty asked with a little tremble in her voice, and I thought maybe she was going to pull her hat down over her face again. But she didn't.

"They all know it in this region," said her father; "and the result is that not only do the Igorots give us nothing to fear in Benguet, but they serve us as most faithful friends in many ways. More than once an Igorot has gladly shared with me his last chicken and bowl of rice, when I've come to his little hut at dark, tired and hungry after tramping through the mountains. The Igorots have often helped me on my travels, too. They have carried my food and blankets on their backs, guided me through hard places, and taken me across rivers that certainly would have drowned me if it had not been for them."

"Oh, tell us about that," said Betty.

"Once I was out on a long, hard hike, as they call

their walking journeys here, and I had for my polistas, or carriers, two fine young Igorots named Tongai and Kamofi. They were supposed to carry only my camp things and 'chow'—my food, you know; but whenever we came to a river, Tongai would point to his shoulder. 'Top-side,' he would say, and before I knew it he and Kamofi would swing me up on to their strong shoulders and be out with me in the middle of the stream.

"At one time the three of us came near being drowned. There had been a typhoon, and for three days the rain had poured down as it can only in the tropics. All the streams were badly swelled. We came to one whose usually quiet pools were being swept by rushing waves. We couldn't cross it in our usual way, and I couldn't spare the time to wait for the water to go down. But Tongai thought of a plan. He found two heavy stones, one of which he handed to Kamofi. Then each of them, holding his stone in one hand, took me by the other, and together, kept down by the weight of the stones, we walked into the river."

"Did the water go over your heads?" I asked.

"Indeed it did. When we couldn't hold our breath

any longer, we would all give a jump to the surface, and breathe the way seals and whales do, and then we'd go down again."

"Oh, tell us more!" said Betty.

"There is a little more," said her father, with a smile. "Just before I crossed this stream I had been joined by a friend, a professor from America, who was traveling alone through the mountains. When he saw me go through the river safely, he called to my polistas to take him across, too; but they gave my friend a long look and shook their heads.

" 'No can do,' they shouted back across the river.

" 'Why not?' I asked.

"There was a good reason. The professor weighed two hundred and fifty pounds and was shaped very much like a rubber ball. It would have taken a bucket full of stones to keep him on the bottom, and then when the time came to jump, his legs would probably have gone over his head. My Igorots were too wise to risk such a mix-up, but they did not altogether fail my friend. They came back through the river at the risk of their own lives, and got a carabao from somewhere and set the professor astride it backwards. Then they handed the animal's tail to him and told him to

hold on tight. The tail must have been jerked more than the carabao liked, for with a squeal he dashed into the water. At the first jump, my fat friend swayed wildly on his unsteady seat, and when the water struck him, he slid right off into it. But he remembered to hold on to the carabao's tail, even when the current caught him and rolled him over and over like a water wheel." Betty's father laughed heartily, and so did we all.

"I suppose the professor wasn't drowned," I said.

"Oh, no, not he. He stayed with the carabao, and water buffaloes never drown."

"I wish our ride would never end if you'd keep on telling us stories," I said.

"I'd be happy to," said Betty's father, politely; "but I see already where our ride is coming to an end. You'll be all the better off too, for instead of hearing stories you'll be living stories all these weeks in lovely Benguet."

Then a turn of the road brought us in sight of our camp, which was dotted with a number of little brown tents. Before the mules had really stopped, our fathers jumped us out over the high wheels of the mountain wagon. In a minute we were running all

over the camp and finding the hiding places among the pines and tree ferns, and the mossy caves by the brook. We were so happy that we jumped and shouted and rolled down the green hillside. We formed a procession, Tommy, Betty, and I, and made a little song to sing as we marched by the tents where our mothers were unpacking.

Would you like to hear our song? Here it is:

We've crossed the ocean blue,
To Japan and China too.
In countries East or West
The fun we find the best,
Is where we are today.
We're in Igorot land. Hooray!



CHAPTER X

NEW NEIGHBORS

The next morning I was wakened by a queer little tune that came floating into our wide-open tent. It sounded as if some one might be playing a jew's-harp near by. I sat up in my cot to listen, and just then there walked up on to our tent platform a little brown woman with a great basket full of potato-looking things on her back. She was thumping a bamboo pipe against one hand, and it was out of that pipe that the queer little tune came. Just behind her

followed a tiny brown child with a basket on its back, too.

"Camotes!" said the woman to Mother.

"I wonder what camotes are," said Mother. "They look like sweet potatoes. They will be nice to roast in our camp fire. Even if they were stones, I'd buy some to empty the basket that is on that poor little baby's back."

"How much?" said Mother, pointing to the child's basket.

"Peseta," answered the woman. That meant ten cents.

When the baby Igorot's basket was emptied, what do you think its mother did? You could never guess. She filled it right up again from the basket on her own back, and the poor little thing went staggering up the hill with as heavy a load as when it first came to our tent.

Mother wrung her hands. "If I could talk Igorot, I'd tell that woman some things," she said. "Poor little brown baby!"

Father came along over the grass just then. "It probably makes him strong," he said, laughing. "We mustn't judge these sturdy Igorot children by our little white Barbara. A basket like that on her back

would be the end of her, but these little hard-worked Igorots grow up into splendid strong, brave men."

"Do they have to go to school?" I asked.

"Those who have a chance are glad to go," Father answered. "You will probably see some happy Igorot school children here before long."

That afternoon I did. Tommy and Betty and I were having our first pony ride, and were galloping along, seeing which one of our ponies could go the fastest. They were such gentle little ponies, and so easy to ride, that though Betty and I had never been on horseback before, we felt right off as if we had always ridden ponies. Tommy said it was no harder to ride these ponies than to sit in lively rocking-chairs. We were prancing along on the side of a hill when we came to a bend in the road. As we turned, we almost galloped into a crowd of about twenty little brown-legged Igorots who were walking toward us with an American lady. The children scattered in twenty directions; some scrambled up the trees, others rolled into the ditch by the road, and the smallest one hid behind the lady's skirt.

We stopped our horses as quickly as we could, and the children began to gather around the lady again,

the way little chicks do when the hen clucks. The lady smiled pleasantly at us.

"You must be the children from Manila who came to the camp yesterday," she said. "I'd like to introduce you to my children." Then she turned to her little brown flock. "Greet these little American friends," she said. The twenty all bowed and spoke in a friendly way. They all spoke at the same time, and some said, "Good morning," and some said, "Good night"; others said, "Goodby," and others, "Thank you," or "Please," or "You're welcome," or "Excuse me."

I had never seen such great politeness in my life, and I felt that I ought to do something very, very polite in return. But it was so funny to hear the children saying all these different things when they only meant "How do you do?" that I could not help smiling; and as they kept on, I could feel my smile getting bigger and bigger. Then there came such a bursting feeling of laughter in my throat that I knew that whatever words I might try to say would turn into loud ha-ha-ha's before they got past my lips. I had just clapped my hands over my mouth to keep my laughs back, when I thought of throwing a kiss. The

children seemed pleased, and then I threw them twenty, one for each, and so did Tommy and Betty.

By that time we could talk again, and Betty asked the lady how she happened to have so many little children with her.

"They are my school children," said the lady. "I've been calling on a friend, and I took the children with me. I always take them wherever I go, and then I know they are safe."

"What fun!" I said. "I wish my mother's callers would bring twenty children with them."

"I shall try to call on her some day soon," said the lady, with a smile.

"Oh, goody!" I said, "and don't forget to bring the twenty."

"I never leave them," said the lady. "And in the meantime we shall be happy to have you call on us." Then, with a pleasant smile, she said, "Goodby," and disappeared around the bend of the road with all the little barefooted children pattering after her.

When they were out of sight, Tommy spoke: "If that's an Igorot school, I'd like to go to one."

"So should I," said Betty and I together.

Tommy went on: "They must have fun running

over these mountains with their teacher. Let's go and see them tomorrow."

We went the next day, and found the children all at work. But you never, never can guess what the twenty were doing. They were not at their desks working at reading and writing and arithmetic. They were all at the brook washing their clothes, and they were having a jolly time. When a boy finished his work, he jumped into the brook himself and splashed and ducked till the others were through. No child had very much washing to do, because an Igorot schoolboy wears only a little cotton jacket and a "g-string," that he loops around his waist; and the girls wear only a little cotton jacket and a skirt. While they were washing, their faithful teacher was with them, of course, directing their work and seeing that the smallest children did not go under in the deepest pool.

"We must teach them to be clean," she said to us with her pleasant smile,— "to be clean and honest and kind. Those are the great things I want my children to learn. If they learn those three lessons, they will grow up into good Igorots, and I wish nothing better for them than that."



Wash-day at the Igorot school

"Don't they have to learn spelling?" asked Tommy. I am sure Tommy was thinking that if they did not, he would get his father to let him come to this school.

"Oh, yes, indeed they do," answered their teacher quickly, and Tommy looked disappointed. "You must all come in and hear them spell and read."

When the washing and swimming were over, the schoolroom lessons began. Little Pit-a-pit, the four-year-old, spelled such hard words as "house" and "banana"; and Ba-long-long, the six-year-old, read easily out of a second reader.

"They seem to be fully as bright as the children at home, and a little more so," I said to the teacher.

Her face shone when I said that. "There couldn't be lovelier, brighter children in the world than my twenty, right here in Benguet," she said, and she took little brown Pit-a-pit up into her lap and hugged him.

When I told Father, that night, about the Igorot school, he said: "I'm very glad you have seen it, Barbara. You will remember that little school all your life, and it will help you to understand what the Americans want to do in these Islands. They have helped the Filipinos to build for themselves many

thousands of schoolhouses, in which there are now five hundred thousand Filipino children."

"Oh, that's half a million, isn't it?" I said.

"It is," said Father, "and never before since the world was made have white men let brown men's children go to school in such numbers. Until lately, white nations have sent their officers to the brown men's countries to rule them and get riches for themselves and their own country, and they have often left the brown men poor and ignorant and unhappy. But our country has done differently. We have shown the Filipinos how to build schools, and instead of making them poor and ignorant and unhappy, we are teaching them how to be well off and wise and glad."

"Hurrah for America!" I cried, jumping up and waving my arms.



CHAPTER XI

THE IGOROTS AT HOME

Our weeks in Benguet flew along all too fast. There was always something to do or hear or see. When we were resting, we never grew tired of seeing the shining, white clouds slip across the mountain-sides up from the warm, blue ocean not many miles away. The clouds made many wonderful shapes as they marched along. Sometimes they would steal down our own mountain and bury our whole camp in soft, silver mist.

At such times we could not see the nearest trees, and it would seem as if the silent cloud had lifted us right off the earth. Then I would say: "We're up

in the sky today, aren't we, Mother?" and I made a little song about it that ended with "As high as the sky—As high as the sky." We really were as high as the sky in Benguet.

Sometimes Father took us on long walks through the forest, and we would visit the little Igorot villages in the clearings. Father would talk by signs and a few words of Igorot or Spanish or English to the chief of the village,—the Baknang, as they call him. The Baknang, always smoking a little brass pipe, would sit on his heels in front of his hut, and look very important, while the rest of the family worked.

There was one Baknang that we loved to see, and I will tell you why. It was because of the way he lighted his pipe. When we were at his village, we were never willing to leave until we had seen him do it. He was rich and could afford to buy matches,—not all Igorots can,—but where do you suppose he kept them? In his ear. It is considered stylish among some of the Igorots to have big holes in their ears at the place where American ladies have little holes for their earrings. The bigger the Igorots can stretch these holes, the finer they think they look. These ear holes are convenient too, because Igorot clothes have

no pockets and an Igorot man can use his ears instead. Father once saw a man, who was going to cross a river and did not want to wet his g-string, roll it up and stick it through his ear.

This Baknang about whom I was telling you, when his pipe went out would always pull his match-box out of his ear, light his pipe, and then put his box back in its place just as soberly as we should put a book on the shelf. Our mothers never would let us laugh at funny things we saw done, before the people who did them, and so we always had to run away fast, as soon as the Baknang was through with his pipe-lighting. Then, when we were well hidden in the woods, what laughs we had and what fun we had, playing we were Igorot chiefs and pretending to pull all kinds of treasures out of our ears, from boxes of matches to magic wands!

Sometimes we would watch the women at work getting dinner. They usually had only one thing to eat at a meal, either rice or camotes, but it was no such easy thing to get a rice dinner as you might think. Our mothers just take the rice out of a bag and wash it and put it on to boil, you know. But the Igorot mothers we saw could not do it that way. They had



The Baknang with the useful ear

to thresh their own rice every time they wanted to use any. They kept great bundles of unthreshed rice, called palay, hung up to the ceilings of their huts. These bundles looked much like wheat or rye in the shock. They would break off the heads and pour them into a wooden bowl hollowed out of the top of a stump. With long, heavy sticks they would pound and pound the rice. This would break up the hard husk around the kernel, and when that was done, the women would pour the rice out on a large, round bamboo tray and toss it up in the air again and again, so that the wind could blow away the chaff. Then the rice was ready for cooking. The women would put it in big copper kettles over the open fire on the floor of their huts, and boil and steam it an hour. Then they had dinner, and we always liked to watch them at dinner.

It was wonderful how much rice the Igorots, and all the Filipinos, indeed, could eat. I saw a man once eat a wash-bowl full. I asked Father if he did not think the man was greedy.

"Oh, no!" said Father. "The Filipinos would starve if they did n't eat rice in quantities. The only wonder is that any of them can keep strong and

healthy with almost nothing but rice for food. If my little girl could get nothing but those things, I think she would want about a tub full at every meal."

They did sometimes have bananas for dessert, such bananas as we never see in our country. One of the largest kinds had bright green skins when they were perfectly ripe. They were so delicious that if I could make you feel how good they tasted, you would want to start right off for the Philippines to eat some of them. The Philippine Islands are surely the favorite home of the banana family. Just guess how many kinds of bananas grow there. Oh, you never can. There are more than a hundred,—big ones and little ones, fat ones and lean ones, curved and straight, sweet and sour, tough and tender, and many more that I have not time to tell you about.

When the women were not getting dinner, they were often at work in their little camote patches, for the men made them do all the farm work. But it was not so very hard the way they did it. The hillsides were so steep that the women could dig and scrape the ground directly in front of them without stooping. They used one queer tool, their cheluptup, for

all their work in the ground. To do all the things they did with their cheluptup, we should want to have a spade and rake and hoe and trowel. But the Igorot women made their gardens grow very well with just their one clumsy tool.

The worst thing about the steep Igorot gardens is that sometimes the heavy rains wash them all away. It does rain awfully now and then in the Philippines. We don't know anything about such rains in the United States. You remember that sometimes, in our summer thunder-storms, we have two or three minutes of tremendous rain when we cannot see across the street for the thick drops, and the water gushes from the spouts as it does from the fire hose, and our windows are all streaming. But that is nothing to what can happen in the Philippines. The whole mountain-sides stream as our windows do, for instead of two or three minutes of heavy rain, they sometimes have four or five days of it, often with big winds too. Great pine trees go crashing down the mountain-sides; roofs fly off the houses; the roads and paths turn into rushing rivers, and the rivers themselves into frightful torrents that sweep away the bridges and lick up all the huts and cattle and

people that happen to be in the way of their angry tongues.

It seems as if the mountains themselves would be blown and washed into the sea. The people whose homes have not yet been destroyed huddle themselves in their shaking, streaming huts, hoping that the typhoon will pass on without taking their shelter away on its wings. Some of our poor Igorot friends had the roofs blown off their houses three times in one year.



CHAPTER XII

A BENGUET BAGUIO

While we were in Benguet, we all heard a great deal about the terrible typhoons they had there, and especially in Baguio, which was the town near our camp. In fact the town was named Baguio, the Filipino name for typhoon, because it lies directly in the track of most of the typhoons that sweep over the Philippines, either from the south or the east. So, whenever there is a typhoon anywhere in the island of Luzon, it seldom fails to visit Baguio, whatever other places it may leave out.

The wise people in Baguio would say to us: "If you don't want to be blown away some night, you must take your tent down by the first of June. The rainy season will be well started by that time, and then beware."

It was hard to believe what they said, for in those days the breezes were blowing softly and the sky was very blue. It is true that we were beginning to have smart showers every afternoon, and these were becoming just a little longer and heavier each time; but every morning again the sun would shine with such fine promises, and the air would be so clear and sweet, that we would always believe the bad weather was over. But while we were saying so, the great clouds would come boiling up from the sea, and low thunder would speak around the mountains, saying pretty plainly, "Wait and see-ee, wait and see-ee."

Father and Mother thought it would be best not to wait and see, and so they took the advice of their friends and decided to break camp on the first of June. It grieved me to have them planning to leave so soon, for Benguet was the loveliest and most interesting place I had ever seen. I was willing to endure

the rains and typhoons too, if we could only stay there. I was sure a mountain baguio could not really be so terrible as a typhoon on the ocean, and had we not passed safely through that great one when we were nearing Japan?

I did not know much about Philippine baguios, when I was thinking those thoughts. I know more about them now, for in spite of Father and Mother's care to avoid it, the first one came before we left Benguet. It came before its time, on the twenty-eighth of May. It found us still in our tent, which we were to take down on the first of June, but it did not leave us in it; neither did we have to take down our tent on the first of June. The baguio, when it came, lost no time in tearing our tent off from over our heads, and whirling it through the howling night over the hills and far away.

The day before that happened, our regular afternoon shower had not stopped, as it should have done, at sunset. Instead of that, the rain poured harder and harder all night, and all the next day too. We thought by the next night, though it was still raining heavily, that the sky must be almost empty. We did not know that tropical skies could fill themselves up

as fast as they emptied themselves, and sometimes so much faster that they burst.

We were sitting in our dripping tent that evening, Father in his slicker and Mother and I in our ponchos, all trying to keep dry, when Father said he thought it would be well for us to sleep in the assembly house of the camp. A number of other campers were going to do it, he said. The parents of Tommy and Betty, too, were planning to be there with their children.

Mother and I thought it would be decidedly unpleasant to sleep in the same room with a lot of other campers, and maybe Chinese cooks and Filipino servants besides. While we were talking about it, the wind was roaring so loudly through the trees and the rain thundering so heavily on our tent-roof that we had to shout at the top of our voices to make each other hear.

Father made a megaphone of his hands and cried: "It may not be pleasant to sleep in the house, but it will be safer than sleeping here in our tent. The wind is blowing as I've never felt it before in these mountains. It means mischief."

Then Mother screamed in answer, though we could

hardly hear her, "I'd rather take the chances here in our cozy little tent than spend a night on the floor with the crowd."

Then I went close to Father's ear and cried, "Besides, Father, it's not the first of June yet, and you promised we could stay in our tent till then."

Then I could see Father laugh, though I couldn't hear him. "It's the baguio that's broken its promise, not I," he yelled. "It has no business here before the first of June. I'd rather stay in the tent, too, but it's no place for your mother and you tonight. The house is in the hollow, but our tent out on this hillside is just a target for the storm."

At that moment the tent shook and swayed as if twenty people were throwing themselves against it.

"I'm willing to go," shouted Mother.

"Then let's hurry," cried Father, seizing our suitcases and beginning to stuff things into them.

At that moment came a great booming and crashing, followed by high shrieks. "That's the mess tent blown over, and the Chinese cooks yelling," Father shouted. "Our tent will go next. Are you both ready?"

"All ready," screamed Mother, trying to raise her umbrella.



The typhoon arrives

"Oh, don't try to do that," Father warned her. "The wind will have it in fifty pieces before you've gone a step."

Then, setting the two suit-cases down by the door of the tent, he began to open it. But he had not even got the flaps untied, when with a swoop and a whoop a terrible blast hit the tent. One of the walls swept in on us, upsetting our lantern and putting it out, and in a second we were all in a dark tangle of ropes and tent pins. But this did not last long. A mighty arm seemed to reach out of the darkness and snatch everything away from us, and I knew the tent was gone. I never saw it again. I thought I might never see Father and Mother again, for I could not see anything at all in the blackness of the storm.

"Father! Mother!" I cried at the top of my lungs. "Oh, where are you?"

Then I felt two strong arms lift me up, and a great flash of lightning showed me Father. By the terrible flashes that followed he was able to see the trail, and he carried me in one arm, and led Mother by the other, to the house in the hollow. We reached it just as the scared Chinese and Filipinos did. The water was streaming from their clothes, as it was from

ours. They stood around helplessly, telling each other in little shrieks how terrible it had been. It was still pretty terrible. The water was pouring in through all the cracks of the roof and the sides of the wall, and sweeping across the floor in a sheet. There was not a dry place in the house, and not a dry garment on any one in it.

Then Betty's father and mine called the shivering servants together and helped them start a great fire in the big army range. While they worked, every little while there would come a fresh boom and crash outside in the darkness, and we knew another tent had gone. And always a few moments later there would come the dripping, frightened campers whose tent had flown away.

There was just one place in that house where it was pleasant to be, and that was around the stove. But there were thirty-two people in the house and so, of course, everybody could not be there at once. Father divided the crowd of thirty-two into four stove-squads, as he called them, and these squads, of eight people each, took turns standing around the stove and steaming off their clothes. Betty's mother made a kettleful of coffee, and we all helped make sandwiches.

One nice lady, when it was her turn at the stove, even made fudge. At one o'clock in the morning all these good things were passed around, and everybody began to be jolly. Betty and I were allowed to pass the fudge.

"It's a real party, isn't it?" I said when I came to Father.

"A real all-night party," said Father, taking a piece of fudge, "with a Benguet baguio for entertainment. Very few people in the world have ever had such a treat."

That night I did something I had wished to all my life—I stayed up all night at a party. There was no place for me to sleep.



CHAPTER XIII

FAREWELL TO BENGUET

The baguio finished its work in Benguet after two or three days, and flew out over the China Sea to do what damage it might there. In spite of the harm it did with us, it left a beautiful world behind it. For once the Philippine skies had been emptied, and the air was so clear that you could see single trees on the mountains many miles away. The mountain-sides were greener than ever, and the forests were so fresh and sweet that I had to skip all the time I went through them.

“Oh, you beautiful mountains and you pretty streams!” cried Mother, the morning before we left. “How gentle and innocent you look and what terrible secrets you hide! But I love you, secrets and all.

Barbara and I will never forget you." Mother spoke so earnestly, that somehow her words made me cry.

"Oh, farewell to dear Benguet," I sobbed. "We'll never, never be here again." And I felt as if a piece had been taken right out of my body.

"But we can take Benguet back to America with us," said Mother. "We can see and do in our thoughts, again and again, all the interesting things we have seen and done here."

But we didn't any of us want to leave real Benguet any faster than we had to, even if we were going to take the whole country away with us in our minds. So Tommy and Betty and I begged our parents to let us walk down the long road we had traveled before in the mule-wagon. We should have to go slower that way, and we could be in the mountains a few hours longer. Father and Mother consented to the walk and agreed to take Tommy and Betty, whose parents preferred to ride.

At sunrise we were off. We formed a little procession as we started down the steep hillside. Betty and I were the leaders, but we were not walking, as we had expected. We rode two ponies which Mother insisted on our taking, to help any of us who might become

tired. After us came Father and Mother, walking. With them, leading his horse, was the kind Governor of the Province, who was going a few miles on the road with us for a farewell visit. Behind them came a two-wheeled carabao cart which carried our trunks and things. And where was Tommy all this time? He was not walking, either. He was riding the carabao, bareback because, he said, it was so hard and so much fun to keep from falling off. He did slide off three times in the first mile, and then the Governor told him that he had lost his place in the cavalry and must now join the infantry. I did not know what those words meant, but Tommy walked after that.

We all loved the Governor, with his merry blue eyes and funny stories; so when we stopped to rest at the edge of a waterfall, we children made a ring around him by joining our hands.

"We've captured you, Governor!" we cried, dancing around him. "We shall have to take you to Manila with us as our prisoner unless you pay a heavy fine."

"Oh, how you distress me!" cried the Governor, pretending to wipe his eyes. "Mercy, have mercy," he begged.

"No mercy!" we all shouted.

"Then what's the fine?" he said in a voice of despair. As he spoke, he put his arms around Betty and me and drew us on to his knees.

"A story!" we all cried.

"Impossible," he said sadly, and he felt carefully with both hands all over his head. "There isn't one left there. You children squeezed the last one out yesterday."

"Try your heart, then," I said, laughing. It was so funny to see him feeling his head for a story.

"Oh, my heart!" he said, breaking into a hopeful smile. "There might be a story or two written there." He slipped his hand under his coat, feeling around where his heart was. "Sure enough, here are a pair of little ones." He pulled out his hand, seeming to hold something between his thumb and first finger.

"I can't see anything," said Tommy, who was standing in front of the Governor.

"But you'll hear something if you'll keep still, young man."

The Governor gave Tommy a gentle tap behind his knees. Tommy's legs instantly folded up like a



Swapping stories with the Governor

jointed ruler, and Tommy found himself sitting on the ground before the Governor. He laughed harder than any of us at his sudden sitting down, and then the good Governor began.



CHAPTER XIV

THE GOVERNOR'S STORIES

“As these are heart stories, they will of course be about my Igorots, for of all the people in the world they are nearest my heart. They are the only children I have, and there is nothing that makes me happier than to know they love me and are grateful for my

care. I'll tell you children the way I happened to learn how much they cared for their Governor.

"Not long ago I was very sick, and the doctors shook their heads. It's very bad when the doctors shake their heads. You seldom live through the night when they do. But I lasted till morning, and then the doctors said that a dangerous operation might possibly save my life, but nothing else could. I told them to operate as quickly as they could, for my work with the Igorots was not yet done and I must live to do it.

"The Igorots near my home heard of this plan, and were filled with horror. The only operation they knew about was chopping off the heads of their enemies. No one was ever known to recover from such an operation, and they were sure I'd never recover from mine. They didn't know what to do, and they went in haste to a well-known Baknang, who lived over the mountains, twenty-five miles away. They told him that the Governor (they used the Spanish word *Gobernador*) was very sick, and that the Americans were going to cut him to pieces to make him well. They feared he would die.

"The Baknang believed, as most of the Igorots do,

that it would be much better to kill a few animals as an offering to the evil spirits who brought the sickness, and he said: 'I will give all my carabaos and pigs and chickens to cure the Gobernador. If I had ten times more, I would give them all.' But the people answered: 'So have we spoken, but the Americano doctors will not listen to our words. The Gobernador, too, says we must not kill the animals for him. What shall we do?'

" 'I will come,' said the Baknang, and he turned to take his spear and shield and battle ax, which he might need with the doctors. So, together, they all came hurrying over the mountains, and the Baknang reached the hospital just as the doctors were ready to begin. 'I must see the Gobernador,' said the Baknang.

" 'Not yet,' said the doctors.

" 'Now,' said the Baknang, with a shake of his spear.

" 'Will you keep quiet and not disturb the sick Governor if we let you in?'

" 'So quiet that you will not know I am there, if you do him no harm,' answered the Baknang.

" 'Then, come,' said the doctors.

“ ‘But if you cause him to die,’ said the Baknang, entering the hospital, ‘I will kill you all.’

“ ‘We all want him to live,’ said the doctors. ‘We will do our best. You may stand by his head while we work. He will be glad to have his friend near him.’

“Then the Baknang came to where I was lying and took my hand, and his eyes were very friendly, but he did not speak. He was standing close by me when the doctors gave me the ether for the deep sleep that would keep me from all pain. When I awoke two hours later, he was still beside me, with his battle ax, spear, and shield.”

“He didn’t have to kill the doctors, did he?” said Tommy.

“Oh, no,” said the Governor, with a smile; but tears stood in his eyes. “The Baknang and the doctors became the best of friends, and he went back to tell his people to kill no more animals for the cure of sickness. Now he sends all his sick friends to the American hospital, where most of them get well.”

“I like your heart stories,” said Betty. “Didn’t you say there was another one?”

“Oh, yes, there is another little one from the laughter corner of my heart,—not quite so close to the

fountain of tears. Did you ever hear about Mokimok, the Igorot boy in Mrs. Kelly's school?"

"We never did," we answered.

"His school has been having vacation or you would have seen him. It is a pity you missed making his acquaintance. He is the politest boy in Benguet. It would do you all good to know him."

I wondered whether the Governor thought our manners could be improved; but I did not say anything, and he went on.

"One of the first and most important things that Mrs. Kelly teaches her children, is to greet people politely. They all learn to do that, and it is always a pleasure to meet one of her pupils, or even a parent of a pupil, on the trail, because they all speak so pleasantly. At first, they even learned to speak politely before they knew what the words of greeting meant, and so it happened that not long ago any white person on the trail, man, woman, or child, at morn-ing, noon, or evening, would receive the polite greeting, chopped out in the Igorot style of speech, 'Good morn-ning, Mis-sis Kel-lee.' "

We laughed and laughed at the Governor's story and his funny Igorot accent, and then we all bowed

to him and to each other in turn, saying very politely each time, "Good morn-ning, Mis-sis Kel-lee."

"Aren't we becoming almost as polite as the Igorots?" I asked.

"You little monkeys are improving," said the Governor, giving my ear a gentle shake.

Then we told him how polite the children in the other Igorot school had been to us, and all the different things they had said to express their greetings.

The Governor was much pleased. "Thank you for that nice new story," he said. "I can now put it into my head, which you children have emptied for me. It will do for a nest egg." He made a bowl of his two hands, and poured the story very carefully and soberly into the top of his head.

We shouted with laughter at the funny Governor. He looked at us in surprise, rolling his head in every direction. "You don't know how good it feels to have something in my head again," he said. "I did feel so light-headed."

"But you haven't told us about Mokimok, yet," Betty said.

"To be sure," he answered. "One day Mokimok came running into Mrs. Kelly's house with a wide



"Hello, Governor Taft"

smile on his face. 'Mrs. Kelly,' he said, 'I just met Governor Taft on the trail.' You children know that before Mr. Taft was President of the United States he was Governor of all the Philippines. Mrs. Kelly hoped Mokimok knew how to speak to a great Governor. 'What did you say to him?' she asked.

" 'I said, "Hello, Governor Taft." ' "

" 'Oh, Mokimok!' said Mrs. Kelly, 'how many times have I told you not to say "Hello" to grown people?'

" 'I know that, Mrs. Kelly,' said Mokimok. 'I was going to say, "How do you do, Governor Taft?" but he spoke first and said, "Hello, Mokimok." I didn't want to hurt his feelings, so I said, "Hello, Governor Taft." ' "

"Then a wide smile spread over Mrs. Kelly's face, too, and she said, 'Mokimok, your heart is truly polite, and this month the medal for politeness shall be yours.' "

At this moment Father came walking over toward us. His watch was in his hand. "Do you know what this means?" he said, pointing to the watch.

"It means that I must hurry back up the mountain," said the Governor, springing up. "I have

promised to attend a meeting of the council at the Presidencia this morning."

"And I suppose it means that we must hurry down the mountain," I said sorrowfully.

"It means just that," said Father, cheerfully. Then he gave his hand to the Governor. "Here's to future meetings, both in the home country and in beautiful Benguet, dear Governor," he said. "You have made our stay in your province a happy one."

We all said goodby, and then the Governor jumped on his lively horse, which started nimbly with him up the mountain.

We children all walked this time, or rather ran, for we felt very gay after our rest by the waterfall. Father and Mother came behind on the ponies, and far ahead of us down the mountain lumbered the slow cart, which had not stopped to rest when we did and was now threatening to win the race, the way the turtle did with the hare.

Soon the road brought us to green meadows with steep paths running through them; so we left the road and went jumping down the cut-offs. These lessened the distance so much that very soon we caught

up with the cart, which, of course, had to follow the road.

Then we found ourselves far ahead of Father and Mother, and while we were waiting for them to come down, we clambered over the rocks wherever we saw the great white lilies growing. These Benguet lilies were like Easter lilies, but much larger. In some places the mountains were white with them. They smelled so wonderfully sweet and were so beautiful that we wanted to pick all we saw. But we knew the heat on the low plains, where we were going, would kill them all too soon; so we left the white lilies waving their sweet goodbys to us from the mountain-side.

"We shall find beautiful flowers down below, too," said Father. "Many of the trees are in blossom there now, and we shall see such colors as we never dreamed of in trees."

Soon we did see them. There were many great trees full of large clusters of purple flowers, but most wonderful of all were the fire trees. Their spreading tops were covered with scarlet and orange colored blossoms that looked like little seas of flames.

"These trees show that we have left the high

mountains," said Father. "Do you notice how warm it is once more?"

Indeed we had noticed it, and at that minute Mother was getting our thinnest Manila clothes out of the cart, for we could no longer endure the warm things we had found so comfortable in cool Benguet.

"Now it is farewell to Benguet in earnest, isn't it?" I said, feeling very sad.

"Oh, yes, farewell," said Father; "but we shall soon say welcome to many other wonderful places that we haven't yet seen in the Philippines. The sun never sets but it rises again."

Do you know what Father meant by that?



CHAPTER XV

ALONG THE PASIG RIVER

We had not been back in Manila very long before Father said, one day: "Isn't it about time for us to take another trip? We have become well acquainted with the mountains of the Philippines, but what do we know about the great valleys and how the people live and work in them? Let us go up through the rivers and lakes to Pagsanhan, where the coconut palms grow as thick as moss."

"May Betty go, too?" I asked.

"If her mother is willing," answered Father.

I ran across the street to Betty's house and asked if Betty might go with us. Her mother was willing, so very early the next morning we four, Father, Mother, Betty, and I, started off for Pagsanhan. We carried lunch baskets and bottles of water, as we always did on our journeys. It would not have been at all safe to eat or drink whatever we happened to find on the way. Cholera and other dangerous sicknesses in the tropics come through drinking river water or eating carelessly prepared food, and we were careful to run no such risks.

We drove to a little town named Pasig to take our boat, and while we waited for it, we watched the men and boys fishing in the river with their great nets, and the women washing their clothes. Filipinos do not care for wash-tubs. We saw the women take their clothes to the river, splash them through the water, beat them on the rocks, and then spread them to dry on the nearest bushes, where the wonderful sunshine would soon bleach them as white as snow-drifts.

"They are doing their washing just as the Igorot school children did," I said.

"Yes, it is the way of the country," said Father. "You couldn't find a stream in the Philippines that isn't lined with people beating their linen on the rocks or children splashing gaily in and out."

Just then we heard a sudden loud yelp, followed by shrieks of terror some distance down the bank. The fishermen let go their nets and the washerwomen their clothes, and all started on a run in the direction of the sounds. We ran, too, forgetting all about our boat, which had just come in sight on the river. When we reached the place, which was thickly grown with trees and vines, we found a crowd already collected. The people stood in a close circle, waving their arms and chattering in shrill voices. A little apart stood a boy crying bitterly, with a dead dog in his arms.

"Oh, how did it happen?" asked Mother.

"Python got him," sobbed the boy.

"What? A big snake?" said Mother.

"Yes, they catch him now," said the boy, pointing to the noisy crowd. Then Father lifted me on to his tall shoulder, so that I could see over the crowd. One look was enough for me.

"Oh, let us run back quick!" I screamed. "Father, let me down!"

"What did you see, Barbara?" asked Betty, standing on tiptoe, as soon as I was on the ground again.

"A terrible long, thick snake like the boa-constrictor in the Zoo. A lot of men were trying to hold it down. It was lashing its tail and opening its mouth wide. I am afraid it will get loose. Oh, let's hurry back!"

Just then our boat, which was waiting, gave a long, loud whistle.

"That whistle is for us," said Father. "Come! We shall have to leave the python to its fate if we want to reach Pagsanhan today." He took Betty and me by each hand, and we all ran along the bank toward the boat, which gave shrill little whistles at us while we ran.

When we were safely aboard and sailing up the river, I said: "Father, I didn't know they had pythons living wild in the Philippines. I want to go back to the United States."

"That wouldn't do any good," said Father. "We have rattlesnakes at home."

"But they aren't so big."

"But they are poisonous," said Father. "Pythons are not."

"But that one killed the little dog," I said. "How did he?"

"He flung out a loop of his body around the dog and crushed him."

"Poor little doggie," said Betty. "Are there many snakes and other terrible creatures in the Philippines that we haven't heard about yet?"

"A few, but not very many," said Father, smiling. "Would you like to hear about them?"

"Ye-es," said Betty and I, slowly. We felt fairly safe on the boat, and we much preferred hearing about terrible things to seeing them.

"A sad thing happened last week," said Father. "Two little boys were swimming with some older boys in a small stream in the woods not far from here. Their father had warned them that it wasn't a safe place to swim, but like many little boys, they thought they knew better, and they followed the big boys to the swimming hole. They were having a fine time, when suddenly it seemed as if a branch of one of the trees dropped into the pool. There was a scream, and one of the little boys was pulled up into the tree, not by a branch, but by a python. The rest of the boys scrambled out of the pool as fast as they could;

but before they could all get out, down came that terrible long branch again, and the other little boy was taken."

"Were the poor little fellows killed?" I asked.

"They were," said Father, "but they didn't suffer. The python's first clutch usually kills the victim."

"I'll never want to walk in the woods again in the Philippines," I said. Little chills were running up and down my back as I spoke.

"Don't let Father frighten you," said Mother. "Very, very seldom do such things happen here. Those little boys wouldn't have lost their lives if they had obeyed their fathers. Probably the python wouldn't have tried to catch the big boys."

"Then perhaps you had better tell us all the terrible things while you are about it, Father," said I, feeling a little braver after Mother's words.

"There are crocodiles in some of the rivers, too," Father went on.

"The kind that eat you?" asked Betty.

"Yes, and they don't stop with little boys."

"Are you going to tell us a story about them?" I asked, feeling the chills creeping back.

"Ask Mother whether I had better," said Father.

"Better not today," said Mother. "Seeing one python and hearing about another one are quite enough for one day."

"But tell us just one thing, Father," I said, taking hold of his arm, "are we likely to meet any crocodiles on this trip?"

"Not a crocodile," said Father, "only monkeys and lizards. There are many dangerous crocodiles in a few of the Philippine rivers; but the Pasig and the Pagsanhan rivers are free from them, and we have nothing to fear."

"India is the country for serpents and crocodiles," said Mother, "as well as for other terrible beasts. The Philippines are really wonderfully free from dangerous animals. There are no elephants, or lions, or tigers, and few deadly cobras here. It is true that in the rice fields here there are some little green snakes that kill with their poisonous bites; but they do not surprise you in unexpected places as the Indian cobras do, and they are not nearly so numerous, either."

"The carabaos are rather dangerous, though, aren't they?" said Betty.

"They are when they happen to chase you," said

Father. "I have reason to know that, for one tried to toss me right off this island soon after I came. But chasing people isn't the favorite occupation of the carabao. He never does it when he has something better to do. See that one wading into the river now. He is doing what the carabao loves best to do. As long as he can splash in the water and mud, he wishes no creature any harm. The poor water buffalo that tried to kill me hadn't had a bath for so long that his skin was dry and cracked and he was dreadfully uncomfortable. Somehow, he got the foolish notion that I was the cause of his misery and so wanted to destroy me."

Farther up the river we saw two carabaos pulling plows in a field. Men and carabaos were all wading in deep mud and water as the patient creatures plodded around and around the field.

"That's hard work in this heat," said Father. "No one can say the Filipino *tao* is a lazy man. Oh, see, in those farther fields they are planting rice."

Our boat soon swept up to the field that Father spoke of.

"What a lot of people!" I said. "Hear the music, too. They seem to be playing a game."

"Oh, there is the man making the music! See him!" said Betty. "He is dancing on the dike between the paddy fields, playing an accordion, and singing too."

"Yes, and all the people are bending down and rising up together with the music, the way we do our gymnastics at school."

"Every time one of them stoops down, he plants a shoot of rice in the mud," said Father. "See those clumps of green. They are the young rice plants that are being transplanted from the seed beds to the paddy fields."

"How much work it is to raise rice!" I said.

"But what a good time they are making of it!" added Mother.

It certainly was a jolly sight, and until a turn in the river cut off our view we watched and kept time with the rice planters' dance.



“This is the way we plant our rice”



CHAPTER XVI

ON TO PAGSANHAN

Soon we left the Pasig River and found ourselves crossing a great lake with grand mountains on both sides. This lake is called Laguna de Bay. That is a Spanish name and only means Bay Lake. You can easily find it on the map, and then you will know just how we went to Pagsanhan. The greatest fun on this part of the trip was seeing the Filipinos in their little boats catch our big boat before it stopped at the towns. We were nearing a small town on the shore of the lake when I saw a dozen little, narrow boats come shooting toward us. They were queer little boats, as narrow as logs. Indeed, they were only logs, hollowed out and pointed at each end. The Filipinos call them

bankas. These bankas kept coming nearer to us, the men in them shouting at the people in our boat.

"Do you think they are pirates?" I whispered to Father. "Why do they chase us so?"

"They certainly are trying to catch us," said Father. "But I think their intentions are peaceful. Now you and Betty guess what they are coming for. I'll give you three guesses. To help you, I'll tell you that our boat cannot land at this little town. The water is too shallow. See, there are some larger boats, called *cascos*, coming too."

"Oh, I know," I said. "They are coming to bring and take off freight. See that fellow trying to throw the rope over the post on our boat."

The rope missed the post and splashed into the water, and the disappointed man and his banka disappeared behind our moving steamboat. There were plenty of bankas ahead of us, however, to take the place of the one that missed us.

"Why doesn't our boat stop and give the bankas a chance?" asked Betty.

"Oh, the boat is in a hurry to reach Pagsanhan, and I believe the captain thinks it fun to have the bankas chase him. He will stop before long. The

Filipinos have wonderful skill on the water, and this is really a fine water game."

It certainly was exciting. Every now and then a banka would succeed in catching on, and, safely fastened to the side of our boat, would go rushing through the water with us. Then, with much shouting, there would be a rapid exchange of freight between the steamer and the banka. On our trip back to Manila we saw them load on coconuts and bananas and mangos and chickens and hemp and palm leaves and sugar cane and straw hats and all kinds of other things.

Although it was amusing to see the bankas racing, and to watch them load and unload, we were not sorry after a time to leave the great sunny Laguna de Bay and glide into the beautiful Pagsanhan River. Both banks of the river as far as we could see were covered with tall coconut palms. Here and there men and boys were climbing the trees.

"How I should like to climb one!" I cried.

"I am afraid your first trial would be like the trial your mother and I made of the surf boards at Honolulu," said Father. "There are easier things to climb than palm trees. What skill these people have! Just see that little boy scramble up."

We could hear much chopping going on in the coconut groves, and soon we came to a clearing where coconuts were heaped into piles as big as houses.



Drying coconuts

“What are those men chopping so busily?” I asked.

“They are breaking open the tough outer shells of the coconut,” said Father. “You can see them. How fast they work!”

“Yes, and I see others cracking open the coconuts

themselves and getting out the white meat. What in the world will they do with it all?"

"Dry it and send it all over the world," said Father. "Of course, they cannot use all the millions of coconuts here; but there are millions of people who live far away from any palm groves and they are glad enough to pay a good price to the Filipinos for the oil and meat of the coconuts that grow here in the heat. Maybe when we are home again you will meet some of these dried coconuts in our grocery in New York."

"Well, then, goodbye until we meet in New York, little coconuts. You have a long journey ahead of you," I said, waving my hand to the huge piles as our boat sped past them.

We went on up the river through mile after mile of coconut groves, and while they were very beautiful and unusual, I did begin to wish there was something else to see.

Mother said: "Just wait till we get to Pagsanhan. We've never ridden in a banka yet, have we?"

"No," said Betty and I, both hopping up from the bench where we were sitting. "Shall we ride in one today?"

"If Betty isn't afraid to," said Mother.

"I'm not afraid of things any more," said Betty, "not since my eighth birthday last month."

"That's fine," said Mother, "for it will really be necessary for our little girls to be very brave on this boat ride. We are going through fierce rapids and our bankas may sink."

"Why, Mother, how you surprise me!" I said. "How can you be willing to take Betty and me on such a dangerous boat ride?"

"We'll have good native swimmers along to help us with you children if the waves sink us," said Mother. "I am getting so used to dangers and risks that I don't seem to mind them much any more. But, of course, if you would rather not go, you needn't."

"Of course, I would rather go, Mother. Do you suppose I am going to miss the chance to do a dangerous thing when you are willing to let me?"

"Then we'll all go, and sink or swim together," said Mother, merrily, and she turned to pack up our things, for we were almost in sight of the Pagsanhan landing. I looked at Mother with pleased surprise. Sometimes she is as jolly and gay as if she were not my mother at all.



CHAPTER XVII

SHOOTING THE RAPIDS

We were met at the landing by a number of young Filipinos in bare arms and legs, who pointed up the stream, saying, "*Señor quiere banka?*" That was Spanish for, "Would the gentleman like a banka?"

Father picked out a fine strong fellow. "Have you two bankas?" he said.

"Have got," answered the boatman.

"Can you take a little girl besides a grown person in each one?"

Again he nodded. "Can do," he said.

We went to the office of the steamboat company

and left our baskets and valise. "We don't want them in the bankas," said Father. "They might get wet."

"Oh, dear," I said, half scared, "so may we!"

"I expect to," said Father, which was not very comforting. "You come into the banka with me," he said, "and Betty will go with your mother."

We sat down on the bottom of our boats, which were something like canoes. At each end a man with a paddle took his place, kneeling, and in a minute we shot out into the stream.

"We are so close to the water that we are almost in it," I said.

"We shall be in it if you don't sit more quietly," said Father, putting his hand on my shoulder. "Have you ever heard of anything easier than rolling off a log? Remember that we are sitting in one now."

"But may I please keep my hand in the water?" I asked.

"Yes, if you don't wriggle," he replied.

"All right, I won't," I answered.

It was very pleasant to feel the cool water streaming through my fingers as our boat hurried up the



The gorge of the Pagsanhan River

river. But soon the quiet waters became roughened, and in a few moments we found ourselves among a crowd of rushing white-caps.

“What has happened?” cried Betty.
“Is it a storm?”

One of our boatmen called out something in Spanish, and Father explained to Betty and the rest of us: “He says, ‘These are the first rapids only. Soon we shall see much grander ones.’”

The river had suddenly become very narrow, and on both sides were high, green cliffs hung with palms and vines.

“This is the famous gorge of Pagsanhan, chil-

dren," said Mother. "It is one of the most beautiful places in the world. Try to remember it, won't you?"

"I will," I said. "But what was that scream I just heard up there so high?"

"Chongo," said one of the boatmen.

"Oh, was it a monkey?" I cried. I knew *chongo* was a Filipino name for monkey.

"You see him now," said the man, pointing up; and sure enough I did.

"Oh, there are two of them! Father! Mother! Betty! See! One is chasing the other through the trees. How they chatter and scream! Think of seeing monkeys wild in the woods, not in cages or tied to hand-organs! Oh, I am so glad we came to the Philippines. Isn't it wonderful!"

"Yes, and here's another friend waiting to be introduced," said Father. I looked to the bank where he pointed, but saw only a big black rock, as I thought. Suddenly it moved along the sand and then slipped into the water.

"Was it alive?" I said, startled.

"To be sure," said Father; "you saw a lizard, a giant lizard."

I jerked my hand out of the water in a hurry. Per-

haps the lizard had seen it and was already swimming for it.

Just then we came to some more rapids, and the boatmen pulled the bankas up to a big rock in the middle of the river. "We must ask you to go by the rocks," the leader said politely, in Spanish, to Father. "It is not possible to take passengers up through these waters."

"I wonder how the passengers can go by the rocks," said Mother, when Father had interpreted the man's words and we had stepped out of the banka.

We all looked up at the huge, slippery boulders that we had to pass. The water was boiling around us on all sides, and the men were already getting their boats away from our little island.

"They've deserted us," I said. "Father, what shall we do?"

"The first thing to do is to climb these rocks," said Father, and he did not seem at all worried. "You shall go first, Barbara." He swung me up on his shoulders and made me stand on them. "Hold yourself very stiff now," he said, "and catch hold of the upper ledge of the rock." Then what did he do but grasp my ankles and lift me high above his head. I

was frightened, but there was only one thing for me to do. I threw myself forward on the rock, and in a minute had scrambled up on top of it. Then I felt so happy that I danced up and down, and almost slipped off into the rapids.

"Hurry and come up, Betty," I called, lying down flat and looking over the steep edge at the others below. "It's fine up here. I can see the men pushing their boats through the water. One of them is deep under the water most of the time, holding on to the rocks at the bottom. Now one of the boats is filling with water and they are pulling it to the shore."

One by one, Betty and Mother and Father climbed up.

"Now we haven't come here to stay," said Father. "We must meet the boatmen at that farthest point. They will get there first if we aren't lively."

So we tried to be lively, and with many slippings and little screamings we made our way over the rocks and across the small rushing streams that often ran between them. Once I slipped off into one of these streams, and the water was just whisking my legs from under me when Father dragged me out.

"You did well to get wet no higher than your waist, daughter," he said.

Mother wrung out my skirt a little and said, "Now you will feel nice and cool, Barbara."

I looked at both my parents in astonishment. Getting my clothes wet has always been almost a sin in our family, and here were Father and Mother making a joke of it, to say nothing of my being nearly drowned. But I had no time for thoughts then, for we were soon in our bankas again pressing up to the beautiful waterfall we had come to see. When we reached it, the boatman in charge said to Mother:

"*Señora quiere* see other grand waterfall?"

"By all means," said Mother. "Is it hard to reach?"

The man smiled and said in Spanish: "It is possible to reach it, but not many dare to go. At least, we will not let you drown."

Mother turned to Father. "Shall we try it?" she asked.

"Just as you please," said Father. "You see what is coming." And he pointed toward the racing rapids above us on the river.

"The children are my only reason for hesitating," said Mother.

"Oh, they will be the easiest of all to fish out," replied Father. "My only anxiety is for you."

"If I am the only one you fear for, let us go," said Mother. "I shouldn't like to be the cause of spoiling all the fun." Then she jumped into the banka so quickly that it almost rolled over. "Come, Betty, with me," she said, and soon we were all out in the white waves again.

We finally reached the second waterfall, which thundered down into the gorge from a great height. After enjoying the grand sight of the falls, and the high green cliffs around them, and hearing the monkeys scream in the trees and vines to our hearts' content, we all seated ourselves in our little bankas once more for the homeward trip. It was then that we had the best of our fun and the worst of our trouble.

When we got out into the stream, our bankas suddenly shot forward and our exciting ride had begun. On all sides of us were rushing waves, and our little boat seemed to be one of them. Every now and then a curling wave would climb over the side of our boat, and soon we were sitting in several inches of water. Sometimes our bow would give a sudden dip and we would shoot down with the water, over a slanting rock.

After a while I gasped, "Are we almost through, Father?"

"Not quite yet. Why? Aren't you enjoying it?"

"Oh, yes, quite well," I said, "but I have enjoyed other things more." Then I saw the rapids ahead, the ones which the boatmen would not take us through on the upward trip. They were very wild and frightful. I put my hand on Father's. "Let us go to shore, please, and get out," I said.

"How can we, daughter? We should upset if we tried to turn here."

"But we shall never get through those rapids ahead," I urged, leaning as close to Father as I could.

"Do you think we possibly can?"

"There's only one way to find out," he answered. "Here we go! If we must sink, let us enjoy the rapids until we do."

Mother and Betty were ahead of us in the waves, their banka plunging along like a race-horse. Ours followed, but it didn't go straight as theirs did. Our bow suddenly struck a sunken rock and we spun around, the water pouring over one side of our boat.

"We're sinking," I cried.

Father's voice answered, "We certainly—"



Rescued from the rapids

I heard no more, for just then the banka upset, and the water went over my head.

If any one had told me that such a terrible thing could happen to me and I not die of fright, I should have thought the person very much mistaken. But he would have been right, for when I finally went under the water, there seemed nothing more to fear. Instead of fear, several little thoughts came into my head. What a funny place Father and Mother had got their little girl into now, was one of them. Perhaps I shall turn into a water baby as Tom did, was another. Oh, I am glad there are no crocodiles in this river. My thoughts were really becoming so interesting that I did not like the interruption when I felt both my arms and legs grasped and I was pulled up on to a rock.

"You were getting away from us pretty fast, Barbara," said Father. The water was dripping from his hair. He had been under, too. I could not answer Father for several minutes. It was so hard to get my breath and I felt so tired. Afterwards he told me that I had been almost drowned, but it really did not seem so bad to me.

I could hear shouts coming from down the stream.

Mother and Betty had looked back for us and had seen nothing but waves. Mother was horror-stricken, and as soon as they came to a safe landing-place she had sent back her boatmen to help save us all. She and Betty were now standing far below us on the bank, calling to Father to know whether I was safe.

"Safe and sound," cried Father, making a speaking-trumpet of his hands. "We'll soon join you." Then he lifted me up to show them that I was safe, and I waved my arms, but I could not shout yet. Our men had by this time rescued our overturned banka and poured the water out of it. It stood ready for us again.

"Shall we try it once more, Barbara?" said Father, gently. "It won't be very rough the rest of the way."

"Is there any other way to go home?" I asked.

"No other way," he answered.

"Then probably we'd better take this way," I said, laughing, and I climbed into the banka.

"Good, that's my merry little girl again," said Father, laughing too. "I do believe you are making a joke."



CHAPTER XVIII

DANGEROUS MARKETING

The day after our Pagsanhan swim, we were safe back in Manila again.

"We feel so well rested now in our fresh dry clothes," I said, "that I suppose Father will want to start us right off on another trip."

"Just what I was thinking of doing," said Father, pulling a boat folder out of his pocket.

"Let us wait a few days," said Mother. "There is much still to keep us in Manila. There are the beautiful old Spanish churches here to visit. There is much shopping, too, to be done. My friends at home will be greatly disappointed if I don't bring home

some of the rare and beautiful embroideries which the Filipino women weave and sew."

"Must I go shopping with you, Mother?"

"Not if you can think of something better to do."

"I can, Mother. Tommy and Betty and I are building a house in the big rubber tree, and I'd like to see it done before we start on another trip."

"Very well, dear," Mother answered. "The next few days you may do as you please. Now, run along and have a fine play with the children."

I found Tommy and Betty just starting for the market, with Wing Fat, the Chinese cook. Fat smiled pleasantly at me and said, "Babala go all same Tommy and Betty." The children each took me by the hand and we three galloped together down the lane, in the shade of the fire trees. Fat, with his cue swinging as he stepped, shuffled along behind us in his flopping Chinese slippers.

It was always fun to go to market in Manila, for the market was unlike anything we had at home. Under a roof without walls were set many rows of little counters or booths. Among these booths there wandered about noisy crowds of chattering Filipinos, with roosters, babies, and dogs. Each booth offered

a different thing. At one you could buy hats, at another fish, at another vegetables, at another cloth for dresses, and so on. Some of the booths were little restaurants, where you found Chinese cooks frying crabs in deep copper kettles, and steaming rice in sections of bamboo.

The booth we liked the best was the one where they sold many kinds of sweet preserves, called dulces (dool'ses). We always made our way first to the dulce booth, and if any of us happened to have a centavo, it soon went into the hand of the gentle Filipino woman, with the long hair, who sold the dulces.

Then we would go with Wing Fat to buy the things for dinner. At these times Wing Fat, who was so kind and generous at home, always having some nice surprise for us in the ice-box, became very harsh and stern with the market people. But it was wonderful to see how cheap they would let him buy the dinner.

This morning, Fat walked up to the poultry booth. "*Cuanto?*" he said, stopping and putting his hand on a little hopping chicken that was tied to the booth by a string on its leg.

"Peso," the merchant answered.



Wing Fat goes to market

Fat shook his head and passed by the booth, without looking back.

The merchant did not want to lose his customer; so he leaned out over the counter and called after Fat, "How much you give?"

Fat half turned around, but shook his head again. "You no take what I give. Me no got muchee money."

We knew that Fat was going to buy the chicken; so did Fat and so did the merchant. The chicken was the only one who did not know it. He was quietly pecking at the ants that were running on the floor.

It was the merchant's turn to speak, and he said, "See, I give you two chickens for un peso."

This brought Fat back. He picked up the first chicken and examined it carefully. "Too muchee thin," he said, putting the chicken down and walking away again.

Fat was almost out of sight in the crowd, when the merchant seized two chickens, one under each arm, and rushed after him. "I take half-peso," he said, thrusting the two chickens into Fat's hands.

That was what Fat wanted, and he lost no time in

slipping the chickens into the bag that he carried over his shoulder. Then he handed the money to the man. The merchant had been shaking his head and saying again and again: "I lose much money. You make me poor;" but when he looked at the silver in his hand, he smiled with happiness.

When he had gone back to his booth, Tommy said: "I should feel sorry for the way Fat treats that poor chicken man if I had not seen him do it so many times. You see, the man expects Fat to pay a quarter of what he asks, and so he always asks Fat four times too much."

"It is a funny way to buy things," I said, "and it doesn't seem very honest, either. In the States we always pay the price that is marked on the things in the store."

"That is the best way to do it, of course," Tommy said, "but no one does it so in this part of the world." Tommy had lived in Manila a long time, and seemed to me very wise. "It is much more fun, too, the way they do it here," he went on. "The merchant is happy to sell his chickens at any price, and Fat is happy to get them so cheap, and we children are happy to see them acting so funny about it."

"Everybody seems to get happiness out of it but the chickens," I said.

"Oh, they don't mind it. They are used to it, you know," said Tommy. "Hundreds of chickens are sold here every day."

Though I felt sorry for the chickens in Fat's bag, I had to laugh at Tommy. I was just going to explain to him why what he said was so funny, when an awful thing happened, that sent the chickens out of my head and out of Fat's hands, too. I had just said, "But, Tommy—" when I felt myself shaken hard.

"Who is shaking me?" I cried.

"No one," said Tommy, who was shaking, too.

"Oh, it is an earthquake!" cried Betty. "We must run out from under the roof." But that was not easy to do. The Filipinos on all sides of us began to shriek and rush into the street. Some fell down in the pushing crowd and were mercilessly trampled by the others. We were jammed up against the fish booth by the shoving people, and a shower of fishes came tumbling down over us as the booth shook.

Fat, with a scream, dropped his bag and lifted up first Betty and then me, holding us one with each arm. He called to Tommy to hold tight to his cue,

and then the brave Chinese began to push out with us three, through the struggling crowd. All this time there was a great shaking and roaring. The roof swayed back and forth, and it looked as if it might fall down on us at any second and crush us. Above all the noise rose the shrieks of the frightened Filipinos, and as I clung to Wing Fat's shoulder, I could hear him groan.

I do not see how he ever made his way out of the excited crowd with such a load as Betty and me in his arms, and Tommy pulling at his cue. But he soon did, and we found ourselves on the roadside, free from the crowd. Then Wing Fat dropped us to the ground and sank out of breath by the side of a tree.

The earthquake suddenly stopped, and then Fat felt for his bag. It was not there. "Me no catchee chickens," he said, looking very much troubled. He sprang up and started to go back into the market to find his bag, but was stopped by a policeman.

"No one can come in here again today," cried the policeman. "The roof is not safe. Step back." He waved his stick threateningly at the crowd of people, who were now trying to get back into the market to save their wares.

Wing Fat turned away sadly without his bag, and as he came back to us we heard him muttering, "Vely bad—canned dinner today."

"Never mind, Fat," said Tommy, "I think Mother would rather have a canned dinner with Betty and me to eat it, than to have all the chickens in Manila without us. You did pretty well to get us all out safely, even if the chickens did stay behind. Why, there comes Mother down the street, and Barbara's father and mother too!"

We all ran forward to meet our parents, who kissed and hugged us as if they had not seen us for a year.

"Weren't any of you hurt at all in the earthquake?" asked Betty's mother, anxiously.

"Not the least bit," said Betty; "but my dress is soiled where the fishes fell over me, and Fat lost his chickens."

"Oh, never mind the chickens as long as the children are safe," said Betty's mother, smiling at Wing Fat, who stood looking sorrowfully down at his empty hands. "Come, let us all go home together, and Fat shall make us his famous dish of scalloped salmon. You children can pick some mangos and papayas for dessert. We want Barbara, and her

mother and father too, to have dinner with us, and then you children shall tell us all about the earthquake."

We had not walked far along the road together, when Mother cried: "Oh, what is that? Another earthquake?"

An unseen hand seemed once more to seize us, and shake and twist us all. We were almost thrown over by the shocks. We waited silently till the shaking stopped.

"Now that one is over," said Father. "I hope it is the last."

"There will probably be several more during the day," said Betty's mother, cheerfully. "But I think we shall have little to fear. The first one is usually the worst, and I have lived through many earthquakes worse than that."

"I know one thing that the earthquake hasn't damaged at all, and isn't very likely to," said Tommy.

"What is that?" asked Betty and I.

"My appetite," said Tommy. "Fat, how long will it be before the scalloped salmon is ready?"

"You catch him vely quick now," answered Fat, shuffling on ahead of us to save time.

Wing Fat had the dinner ready in a wonderfully short time. It was a fine dinner, too, and as we sat at the table telling our parents of our adventures at the market, I was glad we were not eating the little hopping chicken that had been tied to the counter by a string on its leg.



CHAPTER XIX

CALLING ON A VOLCANO

The next morning we children were all up in the rubber tree, working on our house, when we heard the postman's whistle. Soon afterward we saw Father come into the garden with a letter in his hand.

"Can you busy builders spare a minute to hear a letter from a friend?" he called up to us.

We all came scrambling down. Letters did not arrive every day. Who could have written this one?

"Guess who is coming to Manila," said Father.

"The Baknang who kept the matches in his ear," said Tommy. We all laughed.

"The teacher in the Igorot school with her twenty," laughed Betty.

"The Governor from Baguio himself," said I.

"Barbara has guessed right," said Father, to my surprise. "Do you want to hear his letter?"

"Indeed we do," we answered, sitting down on the steps around Father to hear him read. He began:

"Dear Friends, Big and Little:

"The day after this letter reaches you, I shall be in Manila on my way to Batangas Province. Since our pleasant journey down the mountain-side together, I have not enjoyed traveling alone, so I want all of you who can to go with me on my trip. We shall visit Taal volcano on the way, and show the children how this part of the world was made. Then we shall go to the great sugar plantation of Señor Gonzalez, near Bombon Lake. My friends and I are always welcome there. As Señor Gonzalez has eight fine children, Tommy and Betty and Barbara have something to look forward to."

At this point Tommy turned a somersault. "Hurrah for the Governor!" he shouted when his head came up again.

"May we go, Father?" I asked, clapping my hands.

"If your mothers say so," said Father. "It sounds to me like a fine trip."

It was not at all hard to persuade Mother to go, and let the churches and her shopping in Manila wait a little longer. Betty's mother, too, arranged to join the Governor's party. She said it would be too much to ask of my parents, to keep both her lively children from falling into the crater of the volcano. She meant to be there, she said, to see that Tommy did not practise handsprings on the edge.

The Governor came to Manila the next day, as he said he would. On the day following, at sunrise as usual, we all started out for the river, carrying a good supply of bottled water with us.

About ten o'clock in the morning, as we were sailing through the Laguna de Bay, Tommy began to be uneasy and to look carefully through the pile of ponchos and umbrellas. We were having the rainy season, and were likely to have a great downpour or even a typhoon at any time; so we never left home unprepared.

Tommy did not seem to find what he wanted among the ponchos, and his disappointment at last burst out with these words, "Mother, Fat hasn't put up any lunch."

I felt much sympathy for Tommy and hoped my

mother had brought enough for us all. But Tommy's mother said: "We did not need to bring lunch today, my son. We are going to leave the boat at Kalamba before very long, and then we shall go to the town school, where the schoolgirls will have lunch ready for us."

"How strange to have schoolgirls serving lunch to people," I said.

"It does seem unusual," answered Betty's mother, "but it is a good thing. The Filipino girls in this school are being taught to be good housekeepers and cooks. They are proud to serve meals to visitors, to show how well they are learning their lessons."

"How far away is Kalamba now?" asked Tommy, looking out over the water.

"You can already see the church tower beyond that far point," said the Governor.

"Oh, it will be a long time to wait!" sighed Tommy.

"You might see what is in this left-hand pocket of my coat, Tom," said the Governor. "Perhaps it will make the boat go faster."

Tommy waited for no second invitation. Betty and I drew near to see about it, too. We both felt as much

pleased as Tommy, when we saw him pull out a big package of milk chocolate.

"Now, my boy," said the Governor, "I want you to put this chocolate where it will do the most good."

"It is not doing any good in the paper, so we will get it out of that," said Tommy, tearing open the package. Betty and I came close on each side of him, so that he should not have to look too far for the right place to put the chocolate. Tommy was generous, and we all found that the chocolate shortened the journey to Kalamba surprisingly.

"The Philippines are a great region for appetites, aren't they, children?" said the Governor. "The people in the States who say they eat very little during hot weather would change their habits here, I think."

"Do you know, I never get up from the table here feeling that I've eaten all I can," said Tommy.

"That's not the result of the Philippines," said Betty, wisely. "It was just the same, you know, when we were visiting in the States at Grandma's, though she always let you have four doughnuts for breakfast."

Tommy paid no attention to Betty's words, and began to whistle.

"That's all right, Tommy," said the Governor. "I wouldn't give much for a growing boy who couldn't still feel hungry after four doughnuts. A healthy boy's stomach is as deep as a well, and usually as hollow, but tomorrow we are going to a place where that hollowness will all disappear."

"What do you mean?" we asked, laughing.

"I mean," said the Governor, "that there is to be a fiesta tomorrow in the village near Señor Gonzalez' plantation, and at his house you children will see such a feast laid out as your wildest dreams never fancied."

"Oh, tell us more about it," I said.

"Wait till you see," replied the Governor. "The tables will be almost breaking down under the load of dulces and things."

I turned to our mothers. "Will you promise us one thing," I asked, "to let us for once in our lives take all that is offered us?"

"Why should you ask such a foolish thing?" said Mother. "You know what will happen if you do."

"I suppose so," I said, "but I am willing to be sick. Can't you understand how a little girl feels when she is at a feast such as her wildest dreams never fancied,

and the tables are almost breaking down under the load of dulces and things?"

At this point our good friend the Governor spoke for us. "It does seem a little foolish to urge you ladies to let your children make themselves sick," he said, laughing. "But the sickness, if they have any, will be slight, and I will venture to say they will never ask for permission to do it again."

"Oh, we never will," we all promised.

"You see," the Governor went on, "these Filipino fiestas are rather wonderful things. They come down from the old Spanish days, and the children will never have a chance to see such things at home. They will want to remember this fiesta all their lives."

"Do you think the way to make them remember it is to let them eat everything in sight, Governor?" asked Betty's mother, smiling.

"I can't think of a better way," answered the Governor, with twinkling eyes.

"There isn't any better way, Mother," said I. "Please promise."

Mother still looked doubtful, but she said, "Since the Governor is so kindly managing this trip for us, I suppose we should do all that he says."

Of course, after that, Betty's mother had to consent, too; and so, with the matter settled, we were able to turn with easy minds to hear what Father was beginning to say about volcanoes.

"Do you know that none of us would have come to the Philippines if it hadn't been for some volcanoes?" he said.

"How could volcanoes have anything to do with our coming?" asked Betty.

"We should never have gone to Japan or Hawaii either," added Father, without answering Betty's question. Then I remembered what the Governor had said in his letter about showing us at Taal volcano how this part of the world was made.

"Can it be," I asked, "that these islands were all made by volcanoes?"

"They were indeed," said Father; "great, awful volcanoes that came bursting up from the bottom of the ocean and that never stopped till they had thrown up Japan and Hawaii and the Philippines and all the other islands of the Pacific Ocean. They haven't all stopped yet. This Taal volcano that we shall see, is still doing on a little scale what the early volcanoes did on a big scale. It has thrown itself up an island



A volcanic eruption

in the middle of a big lake, just as the Philippine Islands have been thrown up in the middle of the sea.”

“Is it still spouting?” asked Betty.

“Not now. We should hardly be making it a visit if it were not behaving more quietly now than it has sometimes done. You will see, though, when you get there that it is still alive and ready to break into terrible mischief at almost any time.”

“Are there stories about what it has done?” asked Tommy.

“Frightful stories, and every word of them true,” answered the Governor. “One hundred and fifty years ago Taal had a great eruption that lasted six months. Darkness hung over all the land, and the air was full of poisonous gases. All the people

thought that the end of the world had come. It was indeed the end of the world for many of them, for when the awful months had gone by, and the sky was once more clear, no living creature or growing thing was left within many miles of old Taal. The beautiful plantations and the fine towns on the shore of the lake had become deep beds of lifeless ashes."

When we drove to Bombon Lake a few hours later, it was hard to believe that Taal had done such evil things. He stood looking very quiet and innocent, far out in the sparkling water, which was fringed with sweet green groves on every shore. There were no ashes to be seen.

We children were anxious to wade in the cool water after our long boat trip and rough, hot carromata ride, but the Governor hurried us all into a long banka that had been dug out of a huge tree. He told us that it would take two hours on the water to reach the island, and that we must hurry if we wanted to see a wonderful sunset from the top of the volcano. "Afterwards we will do better than wade," he said, as our banka shot out into the lake. "When we come down again, we will have a swim by moonlight. How will that be?"

“Oh, that will be fine!” we agreed. We knew that moonlight in the Philippines was lovelier than any one can imagine who has not seen it. The moon is so bright when the night is clear, that your eyes cannot rest on it. Its golden light, pouring down over the earth, seems to change all the things we know by day into something strange and fairy-like. We had not seen much of this fairy night world, because it was always our bedtime as soon as the moon grew bright. Tonight was our chance. I began to think that the volcano lake, lighted by moonlight, might have a little magic in it, and that perhaps when we dipped into the water, it would enchant us. Things might happen here that never could at home. The Philippines, we had already found, were islands of strange wonders. I snuggled up to Betty and told her what I was thinking.

We found so much to say, that before we knew it our boat ride was over and our banka was grating up against the shore of the volcano island. Then began our climb up the mountain, and this we found to be warm work.

“What if it should begin to spout now?” said Betty, when we were half-way up. We could see

steam rising from the edge far above us, and it hardly seemed wise to me, either, to go any nearer.

"If steam is coming out now," I said, "what is to



Taal in eruption

prevent fire and lava and ashes and all the other terrible things from coming, too?"

"If there were not any steam rising, I should be more alarmed," said the Governor. "When the opening is choked, and the steam collects inside, there is danger that the whole mountain will blow up. Such a thing happened in the West Indies a few years ago, and killed forty thousand people. But Taal is a well-behaved volcano just now, and won't do anything bad without at least giving us warning. It will be perfectly safe for us to go straight up to the edge, and see what the volcano is doing in its hot workshop."

It was not till long after this, when we were home

in America, that we realized what Taal could do when it was not a well-behaved volcano. One day the mail brought us the Manila newspapers, with accounts of a terrible eruption of Taal on January 30, 1911. Many villages had been completely destroyed, and 1400 people had lost their lives.

We reached the edge at last and looked down into the deep, wide crater. The view was not just what I had been expecting. "I thought there would be at least a big lake of fire down there,—not just rough stretches of rock with here and there little muddy, steaming lakes," I said.

"You would never be able to stand so close as this if the crater were full of fire," said Father. "As it is now, it is really a wonderful sight. See those great clouds of steam rising, daughter. When you stop to think that they are making their way up from the deep fires under the earth, it is thrilling. We are not so very far here from the region where the heat is great enough to melt mountains, and turn oceans into steam."

At this point, Tommy began jumping into the air.

"What's that for?" asked his mother.

"I'm trying to get my feet off the ground," an-

swered Tommy. "I am afraid they may break through the earth's crust here, where it is so thin."

We all laughed at funny Tommy, and the Governor said: "If the crust could break through here, you are taking the best way to make it with your heavy jumps. But if you really wish to enjoy the feeling that you may be going through, you must visit Kilauea volcano in Hawaii. There the ground is so hot that it burns your shoes, and it shakes and bends under you when you step."

"Taal is good enough for me," said Tommy, picking up a stone and flinging it out into the crater. Then we all tried throwing stones as far as we could, and in that way we found out how enormous the crater was. Try as we would, our stones always fell far short of where we expected, and even the stones that Father and the Governor threw so far, seemed to go no way at all across that yawning gulf.

Suddenly Mother looked at the sky. "What a glorious sunset!" she exclaimed. "Of all the beautiful things in the Islands, the sunsets are what I long most to take back with me."

"Nowhere else in the world does the Creator hang such gorgeous banners in the sky as in the tropical

islands of the sea," said the Governor. "They are worth coming thousands of miles to view."

We children tried to name all the beautiful colors in the clouds,—gold and purple and green and pink and blue. Indeed, we saw all the colors we knew and many more besides.

When the colors faded and we had taken a last look into the darkening crater, which had begun to glow in spots, the Governor said, "We must not forget our swim by moonlight."

You may be sure we had not forgotten it. The moon was already shining faintly, and Tommy and Betty and I started down the mountain on a run that made the older ones work hard to keep up with us.

Our swim, as I remember it, proved to be all that we had hoped, and even more. We were so tired and sleepy, however, after our long, full day, that we almost went to sleep in the water. I really was asleep before Mother got me into my camp bed, and I cannot remember what was real and what was dream about that swim. So I shall never be sure that the visit I made that night to the cave of the water fairies in the volcano lake did not truly happen. It was a lovely visit, and I wish that I had time to tell about it.



CHAPTER XX

FILIPINO FRIENDS

Sunrise the next morning found us once more ready to travel. This time we were to drive many miles through the country to the plantation of Señor Gonzalez.

“Why is he called ‘Señor’?” I asked the Governor, as we were climbing into our carromata.

“Because his father was a Spanish gentleman, and he has always spoken Spanish. ‘Señor’ is the Spanish word for ‘Mister.’ ”

“Do his children speak Spanish, too?” I asked.

"Yes, it is their household language, though their mother is Filipino; but they are learning English now, and so you children will all be able to understand each other."

"Many things will seem strange to you in this Filipino household," said Mother, "but I know my little girl will be careful not to stare, and will politely do whatever seems expected of her."

"Shall she accept a cigarette when they offer her one?" asked the Governor, with a laugh.

"Oh, what do you mean?" cried Mother.

"I mean that as soon as we arrive at the house, they will offer cigars and cigarettes to us all, women and children too. It is their way of being hospitable."

"Are you not taking us to a rather strange place Governor?" asked Mother, anxiously.

"Not at all," answered the Governor. "There is not a more delightful and refined home in the Islands than the one we are going to. Some things will seem odd; but the most important thing, the family life, we shall find lovely. The gentleness of the whole family, their soft, low speech, their kindness to visitors, and their love for each other are among the most beautiful things in the Islands."

"I suppose they live differently from the Igorots," I said.

"Of course," answered the Governor. "You will think so when you see their marble staircase and mahogany floors. Much as I love my true-hearted Igorots, I cannot claim that they are as civilized as the Filipinos of the valleys. Many of the Filipinos live as well as the Americans do at home, and some even live like princes. You must not go back to the States and think of the Philippines as being full of wild men. Most of its people are really civilized, though many of them have still a great deal to learn from the Americans."

The road we were driving on was becoming very hilly, and I asked if I might walk, so as to spare the little horse, which was struggling bravely with its load. At that, every one got out of the carromatas. We were unexpectedly rewarded, for we suddenly came upon the sweetest orchard of little blossoming trees that I had ever seen. Among them were growing tall cacao trees, which made a green canopy above the little trees in bloom. These were not much taller than Father. They were loaded with white blossoms and had dark red berries among their green

leaves. The branches were so low that we could easily reach them and inhale the spicy fragrance of the flowers.

"I never saw such trees before," said Tommy.
"Are the berries good to eat?"

"Try them and see," said the Governor.

Tommy tore open the tough red covering of one of the berries, and found a pair of little green kernels which looked like beans.

"Why, they are coffee-beans," cried Tommy, "and these trees must be coffee trees!"

"Yes, and down there below the hill they are raising the sugar to go with the coffee," said Father.

We looked, and there was a great field that seemed to be full of waving corn. The stalks, though, were twice as high as our corn at home.

"That is sugar-cane," said Betty. "I've seen it before and sucked the stalks, too. They are ever so good."

"You will probably have that pleasure again soon, with the Gonzalez children, Betty," said the Governor. "Their father has miles of sugar-cane. This field is his. Far over there to the south, where you see the grove of palms, is his house. Now you can

just see the village church tower, too. Hark! I think I hear the bells ringing. Do you?"

We stopped and listened, and then faintly floating over the hills came a merry jangle of bells.

"The bells will ring most of the day on account of the fiesta," said the Governor. "There will be great doings in the village. See, the people are already flocking to it."

From a side road in front of us came a number of gaily dressed, laughing Filipinos,—some in their jolting carretelas, others on foot. All were bound for the village fiesta. From that time on, the road was full of happy people.

"The Filipinos love their holidays," said the Governor, "and they manage to put about two Sundays into every week. I do not blame them. They need all the rest they can get in this hot part of the world."

Soon after this we drove through a fine stone gate, and entered a large, beautiful garden. "We have been driving by the fields of Señor Gonzalez' hacienda, or plantation," said the Governor. "We shall come to the house in a few moments."

I turned to Mother. "Oh, what shall I say when they offer me the cigarettes?" I whispered.

“Thank them politely, dear, and explain that you have never learned to smoke. I shall do the same.”

There was no time for Mother to give me any more directions, for at that moment we drove in front of the house. On the broad veranda stood the whole family of ten, smiling us a happy welcome before we alighted. The mother and the older girls were all dressed in the Filipino costume. I did not notice much else just then, because the laughing baby whom the oldest sister was holding stretched out its little brown arms to me, and I could think of nothing but how much I myself wanted to hold it. The sister let me when I asked her, but it was a long time before I dared to.

It was a real lesson in Spanish to be introduced to all the children. It was a pleasant lesson, for their names were so pretty. They were Cristina and Dolores, Carmen and Maria (Mareea), José (Hosay), Rafael, Ramón, and baby Fernando. The children were as pretty as their names, and they were so sweet and gentle that I loved them all right away.

They wanted at once to show us their ponies and rabbits and chickens and big pet snake, but their mother reminded them that refreshments must come first; so we all went into the large room that they

called a sala, which had two long rows of rocking-chairs facing each other. The ladies and girls sat down in one row, and the men and boys in the other. Then the servants brought in many trays of dulces, with coffee and other things to drink. The cigars and cigarettes came too, and they were the only things I did not take.

You must not think that this was the great feast the Governor had told us about. That was to come in the evening. This little lunch was only to make us welcome. Whenever other callers came, more dulces were brought in, and before evening there were many callers.

Every time another carromata drove into the grounds, the Gonzalez children would take Tommy and Betty and me by the hand and run into the house to be present for the dulces. We could not let our mothers' unusual permission to accept all that was offered us be wasted, though I will confess that after the fifth time the dulces did not taste so sweet. Now and then I looked at Mother to see if she were not going to tell me to stop. I almost hoped she would, but she seemed to pay no attention until the last time we left the sala. Then she said, "I am afraid

you won't be able to enjoy the feast tonight, little daughter." Mother's gentle words, which were really a warning, came too late. I was able to eat no more that day; neither was Betty, and even Tommy almost failed.

Fortunately, though, the fiesta provided some enjoyments not connected with the table. When the sun had set, the servants lighted pretty Chinese lanterns all along the piazzas and the driveways. At the same time we heard band music coming from the village.

"It is the procession starting," said nine-year-old Carmen to me. "Soon they will be here. Ah, see the fireworks!"

Many rockets were flaring upward through the dark sky, and Rafael, who was eleven, explained that these were being sent up from the houses which the procession was passing.

"It will soon be our turn," he said. "Father is ready with the sky-rockets there in the garden and will begin as soon as the lights come in sight."

Then José, the oldest boy, surprised us all by bringing out some candles. "Oh, good, we're going to march, too!" cried Carmen. "How jolly! Oh, you dear good José!" and Carmen threw her arms around

her big brother's neck. He patted her, with a smile, and then lighted the candles, one by one, handing one to each child except the two youngest.

The music was sounding stronger and more exciting every minute, and we received permission to run down to the road to see the procession moving up from the village, and then to join it and march with it until it should turn back to the village plaza, or square, where it was to break up.

It was a pretty sight. First came the band, playing a gay march; then the men and women, marching two by two, dressed in bright colors and all carrying flaming torches. Here and there in the line was borne the image of some saint, sparkling with jewels. Toward the end of the procession we children, with our torches, fell in line in pairs, and went about a mile with the happy marchers. I marched with Carmen, Betty with Dolores, who was ten, and Tommy with Rafael. We had a beautiful time.

Our joy came to a sudden end at the house, however, for the long tables were spread for the great feast and Betty and I realized by our feelings that we could eat none of it. We had to see the supper of eight courses pass by us untouched. Six of them had



The fiesta procession

chickens served in all kinds of ways,—in soup, fried, roasted, boiled with curry, and with rice and peppers. We felt our greatest disappointment, though, when the cakes came in. I had never seen so many kinds nor such pretty ones. All colors and shapes they were. The Governor sat near us, and was as disappointed as we were, that we could not enjoy the cakes.

“Mother says we were teaching ourselves a lesson this afternoon,” I said sadly to the Governor. “Do you know what it was?”

“I can guess,” he said sympathetically. “I think it is called self-control, and I suppose that is as important to learn as it is how coffee and sugar grow and how islands are made by volcanoes.”

“It isn’t very convenient to be learning self-control tonight,” I said.

“That’s true,” answered the kind Governor, “but there might come a time when it would be less so. Anyway, that harp-playing is pretty, isn’t it?”

It was. An old blind man with a harp sat in the corner of the big dining-hall. His music, tinkling above the talk and laughter around the tables, sounded strange and beautiful. When the feast was

over, the old harper was joined by a number of other musicians, and then the music began for the baile (bīl'ě),—that is, the dance.

Rafael politely invited me to be his partner in the rigodon, which is always the first dance at a Filipino baile. As this was my first visit in a Filipino household, of course I did not know how to dance the rigodon. I was very sorry, for the music was pretty enough to make a statue dance. Tommy and Betty, who had lived in the Philippines so long, tripped out upon the shining mahogany floor and took their places with the rest. It was really almost as nice as dancing myself, to see them doing the pretty steps and figures.

The dancers were all smiling with pleasure,—fathers and mothers, girls and boys. They were the happiest company that I had ever seen. Mother told me the next morning that they kept up their dancing through all the night, and stopped only when dawn began to redden the east. We children, of course, had to go to bed as usual, just when the fun had well begun.

It was rather pleasant, though, to be slipping off to sleep in our cool beds, with the gay sounds from the

baile, the music and laughter, mingling with our comfortable sleepy thoughts. How beautiful everything is here! went the little voices in my head. Carmen—Cristina—wish my name were Dolores—ta-ra-ra—no more dulces, thank you—ta-ra—hope the pet snake won't visit me tonight—ha, ha, ha—what fun to carry a torch—ta-ra—oh, lovely Philippines—ha, ha. Then I was asleep.



CHAPTER XXI

PLANTATION WORK AND PLAY

You may well believe we were in no haste to leave the Gonzalez hacienda; so when the Governor, the next day, said that he must return to Manila, it seemed to us the most disagreeable remark we had ever heard him make. The Gonzalez children looked no better pleased than we, and then their kind mother spoke.

“But, dear Gobernador,”—she always called him that,—“this would make your visit too short. It

must not be. Those dear children, too, Tommee and Bettie and Barbarra, we cannot let them go." Then Carmen and Rafael and Cristina, and all the others in a chorus, repeated what their mother had said.

Carmen put her arm around my waist. "Stay here always," she whispered.

"I'd like to," I whispered back.

With such kind urgings there was only one thing to do, and I shall not need to tell you what it was. Later in the day Father and Mother took me aside and said that Señora Gonzalez had invited us all to stay two weeks at the hacienda.

"It will not be possible for your mother and me to stay," said Father, "for we are to sail for home in less than three weeks, and we want to go to the southern islands first. Tommy's mother, too, wishes to come with us. But you children may stay here if you like, and you must decide now, Barbara, whether you would rather do that or come with us."

"Oh, that is a hard question!" I cried. "I can never decide it. How can I let you go away and perhaps get into typhoons and earthquakes and all kinds of dangers that I don't know about? And you couldn't kiss me good-night here, either. But then

again, how can I go and leave this beautiful place and all these lovely children? I'd miss the children if I went, and my parents if I stayed. Oh, dear!"

"You have had your parents with you several years already, dear," said Mother, "and we hope you will have them many more. These nice Gonzalez children you can have, at best, for only two weeks. Wouldn't it be well to make the most of the chance?"

"Perhaps so," I answered doubtfully, for I did want to stay at the plantation. Just then Carmen ran up to us.

"Oh, you will stay," she said with her sweet smile. I nodded my head. I couldn't talk. I felt so glad and so sad all at the same time, that my throat was full of little sobs.

"We shall be so happy together," said the dear little girl, kissing me; and she was right.

With all the sweet children trying to make us happy, Tommy and Betty and I had golden days. In the whole two weeks with the many children, there was not one quarrel and not one punishment. I should have been glad to stay in this children's heaven two months instead of two weeks, except for one thing. That was having to go to bed without

Mother or Father. Kind Señora Gonzalez came in and kissed me every night, but she was not Mother, and at bedtime you do want some one who at least talks as your own mother does. Every night, after the beautiful day, I grew a little hungrier for Mother and Father; and if they had not come back at the end of two weeks, I think I should have started out to find them.

But when the sun rose, all these night troubles vanished, and now when I wish to remember the happiest two weeks of my life, I always think of our days at the hacienda. There were ponies for everybody, and every day we made an excursion to some interesting place. There was the big sugar mill to visit. Though it was not the right time of year for the mill to be running, we saw the machines for rolling the sweet juice from the cane, and the big evaporating pans in which the juice is turned into molasses and sugar.

Near by, too, was a large hemp plantation. Hemp is not to eat, you know, though they raise more hemp than anything else in the Philippines. In a minute I will tell you what it is for. I was surprised, when I saw the hemp plants growing, to find they looked just like banana plants. Then I learned that they really

belong to the same plant family as the banana, though their fruit is not good to eat. This plant family is a big one and has members scattered all over the world. A little cousin to it lives in every yard in the United States.

Have you ever drawn threads out of big plantain leaves for your mother? I often have. So when I found that these great hemp plants were really giant plantains, and were grown for the sake of the long, strong threads in the leaves and leaf stalks, I was very much interested. I tried my hand at tearing the stalks into long strips, and scraping the pulp from the fiber with a great dull knife, as the Filipino workmen were doing. I found that freeing the fiber from hemp leaves was not so easy as working with plantains, and I was soon satisfied to watch the workmen, some of whom were pressing the dried fiber into bales to ship away.

Señor Gonzalez told us that this fine Manila hemp is grown only in the Philippine Islands, and that it is the very best stuff in the world to make strong ropes and cords and hammocks. You know what Manila paper is, don't you? Well, that, he told us, is made of worn-out ropes of Manila hemp; but the hemp is still

so good that Manila wrapping paper, like the rope, is the strongest and best in the world.

One day we helped pick the fruit from Señor Gonzalez' cacao trees, and made—what do you think?—some chocolate. The fruit looked like big red cucumbers. It was full of bitter little cacao-beans. We dried these in the sun and then skinned them and pounded them in a mortar. This made a bitter, oily paste, to which we added much sugar and vanilla. Then we rolled this stuff out on a board, and it became real chocolate.

A great deal of chocolate was made at the hacienda, but Señor Gonzalez never sold any. "Eight children can help me use it up," he said, and they did. I do not mind if the Philippines are the only region where Manila hemp grows, but I do wish we could make the cacao trees grow in our gardens in the States. You should have tasted the delicious chocolate we made with the Gonzalez children.

Once we visited a coffee plantation and helped pick the coffee-berries and spread them in the sun to dry. The dried berries we pounded in a mortar to free them from their tough coverings, and then filled some of the hempen bags in which they are shipped to other

countries. To get coffee ready for people to drink in Germany or Russia or the United States, was even more exciting than making chocolate just for ourselves.

The best fun we had came every day after our siesta—our long nap, you know—from one o'clock to three, when the sun was the hottest. As soon as the clock struck three, sudden shouts of joy sounded from every corner of the house, and we children all came running out of our rooms, in a race for the swimming-pool. It was a safe pool, near the house, and we did not let an afternoon pass without a visit to it. The Gonzalez children were fine swimmers, and in a few days they taught Tommy and Betty and me both to swim and dive.

You can imagine the splashings and joyful squealings when the eleven of us were in at once. Even baby Fernando took part in our water circuses. His act was to have his nurse toss him into the middle of the pool, where big brother José would catch him, all sputtering and laughing.

The day's pleasures did not end with the swimming-pool. In the evenings, when we went out on the cool veranda to watch the wonderful fireflies, Señor

Gonzalez would say: "Let us hear the new selection you play so beautifully on the violin, Ramón;" or, "Cristina, we should enjoy hearing your new song;"



Carmen and Rafael

or, "Carmen, will you not dance for us while Rafael plays on the guitar?" or, "Barbara, please recite to us the pretty poem about the wise fairy." Then the children would get out their violins and mandolins

and guitars and castanets, and the hour before bedtime would fly fast with singing and dancing and reciting and playing games.



Cristina and Ramón

The days flew fast, too, and all too soon our beautiful visit drew to an end. The day arrived for our parents to come for Tommy and Betty and me. In the joy of expecting them, we somewhat forgot the grief of parting from the Gonzalez children, although, until Father and Mother came, the day was

pretty sober, with many sighs and some tears. When they drove up the avenue in the late afternoon, however, with Tommy and Betty's mother, all tears and sighs departed. Nothing ever looked so lovely to us as our parents did when they stepped out of the carriage. We simply flew into their arms. I felt willing to leave anything and go anywhere so long as Father and Mother were with me.

Having them once more, made our last night at the hacienda the best of all, and Señor Gonzalez made us very happy by promising that his whole family would some day make a trip to the United States and that then they would surely visit us.

The next morning the carromatas were waiting at sunrise, to take us away. Early as it was, everybody was up to say goodby; and so, with many farewell kisses and promises to write often, we left our good Filipino friends.



CHAPTER XXII

OFF FOR HOME

“We have taken our last trip in the Islands now,” said Father, when we were in Manila again. “We shall sail for America on Saturday.”

“So soon, Father?” I cried. “I feel almost as if I were leaving home, to be going from the Philippines.”

“So do I,” he answered. “What a beautiful visit we have had here.”

"And how much we have learned!" said Mother. "Your geography lessons will be interesting play for you now, Barbara, after seeing so many countries and things that the books tell about. But come! We will talk over all these things when we are on the ship, and you may write the story of your trip then, too, if you wish to, daughter. Now, during these last few days, we shall be too busy doing things, to allow much time for talk."

Then we all set ourselves to work, Mother on her shopping, Father on some important matters of his own, and I on the house in the rubber tree, which I wanted to see done before we sailed. We children managed to finish the house on Friday afternoon. We decorated it with Chinese lanterns, and that evening we gave a farewell tea-party in it. It was a fine little house, with a ladder reaching it from the ground. I suppose Tommy and Betty play in it still.

Each day during our last week in Manila, Mother brought home more and more things that she had bought, until Father declared that if she did not stop, there would be nothing left in the shops for the other people.

Mother would say with a smile: "But we have no such beautiful cloths at home, my dear. Just look at this piece of sheer, transparent piña that is woven from the pineapple fiber!" Then she would show Father all the beautiful embroideries which she had been collecting, and he would have to admit that he had never seen their like in the United States, and would beg her to go and buy more, since this was her last chance to get such rare things.

Father, too, made a collection. Instead of embroideries, he got all kinds of bows and arrows and spears and shields and battle-axes, which the wild people in the Philippines still use instead of guns. I should be glad to show them to you at any time, for we brought them all safe home to America with us.

Saturday morning came on time, as all Saturday mornings do, and we arose for the last time in Manila. After a quick breakfast, we hurried to the wharf, and there we found a lovely surprise. Our friends were gathered there, ready to take us in a launch to our ship, which was waiting in the harbor. There were gay flags on the launch, all the little ripples on the bay were twinkling

in the sunlight, a band was playing merry music, and it seemed much more like a happy party than a sad farewell.

"This party is what the Filipinos call a despedida," Mother explained to me after she had greeted her friends. "It is one of the pleasantest customs of the Islands to send visitors away like this—with joyful music and loving wishes. What a beautiful ending to our visit!"

Indeed it was. My special friends were there, too. Tommy and Betty, my best friends of all, had brought me little presents they had made for surprises on the ship. Just as I was thanking them, Tommy interrupted me by shouting out, "But who is this coming?"

"Why, Rafael and Carmen!" I called in astonishment and delight. "How did you get here?" The children, with their father between them, were hurrying across the wharf to our launch, which was already whistling.

"Father had to come to Manila on business, and we begged him to bring us too, for the despedida," said Carmen, with her sweet smile.

"We all wanted to come," said Rafael, "but Father

said only two of us might. So we drew lots, and they fell to Carmen and me."

"Another friend is coming," said Carmen, "but I'm afraid he will miss the boat. He was with us, but stopped a moment to buy mangos for you to eat on the voyage."

"Who can he be?" I asked.

I did not have to guess long, for just then he came in sight, carrying a large paper bag, and we children hailed our dear friend, the Governor. The launch was already getting away from the wharf, but the Governor took a running jump and landed safe among us. Our ride to the ship was shorter than we wished, but in that time we managed to squeeze one more little story out of the Governor's head.

When we reached the ship, we again said goodby to everybody, and climbed the ladder up the ship's side. As soon as we reached the deck, our friends, who were waving flags and handkerchiefs, had their launch sail three times around the ship. The band played, and we all sang "America" and "Auld Lang Syne." Every one on the ship joined in the singing with our friends in the launch below. Then suddenly the long, hoarse whistle of our ship drowned all the music of

the voices and the band, and we found we had started. The little launch was soon left far behind; but as long as we could see a flag or handkerchief flutter, we waved in answer, wishing that there were no such things as partings.

When I thought of Tommy and Betty and the Gonzalez children on that little launch which we were leaving so fast, and all the lovely times we had had in the Philippines, I could not keep from crying. "Oh, let us go back, Father," I begged. "It is too sad to go."

"The only trouble is that you are standing at the wrong end of the ship, little daughter," said Father, kindly. "The stern is full of regrets. Come with Mother and me to the bow, and you will find it full of joy."

When we reached the bow, he pointed out over the bright water and asked, "Where is the ship taking us, Barbara?"

"To China, I suppose."

"But where else—farther than China or even Japan or Hawaii?"

"To America, to our own grand country!" I cried. "It is taking us home, home." And all at once I felt

so happy, that I threw my arms around Father's neck. "And I'll see Kitty again and Carlo, and my teachers and schoolmates, and we shall have the fine frosty chestnut weather in the fall. And we shall be in our own house once more, and I'll sleep in my own little bed. Oh, Father and Mother, aren't you glad we are going home!"



PRONOUNCING GLOSSARY

BARBARA'S PHILIPPINE JOURNEY

Alberto . . .	Al-bār'tō	Laguna de Bay .	Lä-goo'na dā Bi
Baguio . . .	Bä'gē-ō	Luneta . . .	Loo-nā'ta
baile . . .	bī'lē	Luzon . . .	Loo-sōn'
Baknang . . .	Bāk'nāng	Magellan . . .	Mä-jēl'an
Baliwag . . .	Bä-lee'wäg	mango . . .	mān'gō
Ba-long-long .	Bä-lōng'lōng	Manila . . .	Mä-nē'la
banka . . .	bān'ka	Maria . . .	Mä-rē'a
Batangas . . .	Bä-tān'gās	Mariano . . .	Mä-rē-ä'nō
Benguet . . .	Bēn-gēt'	Mokimok . . .	Mō'kē-mōk
Bombon . . .	Bom'bon	Nagasaki . . .	Nä-gä-sä'kī
cacao . . .	cä-cä'ō	Ohi O . . .	Ō'hē Ō
camote . . .	cä-mō'tā	Pagsanhan . . .	Päg'sān-hān
carabao . . .	cä'rā-bä-ō	papaya . . .	pä-pä'ya
Carmen . . .	Car'men	Pasig . . .	Pä'sig
carretela . . .	car-rä-tä'la	peseta . . .	pä-sä'ta
carromata . . .	car-rō-mä'ta	peso . . .	pä'so
casco . . .	cäs'cō	piña . . .	pē'nyā
cheluptup . . .	chē-lüp'tüp	Pit-a-pit . . .	Pīt'a-pīt
chongo . . .	chōn'gō	plaza . . .	plä'sa
cochero . . .	cō-chä'rō	Presidencia . . .	Pre-si-den'sē-a
Cristina . . .	Cris-tē'na	quiere . . .	kē-är'ā
cuanto . . .	kwän'tō	quilez . . .	kē'lās
despedida . . .	däs-pä-dē'da	Rafael . . .	Rä-fä-öl'
Dolores . . .	Dō-lō'rās	Ramón . . .	Rä-mōn'
Escolta . . .	Es-cōl'ta	rigodon . . .	rē-gō-dōn'
fiesta . . .	fē-äs'ta	sala . . .	sä'la
Fujiyama . . .	Foo-ji-yä'ma	sampaguita . . .	sām-pä-gē'ta
Gobernador . .	Gō-bār-nä-dor'	señor . . .	sä-nyor'
Gonzalez . . .	Gōn-sä'lās	siesta . . .	sē-äs'ta
hacienda . . .	ä-sē-än'da	Shanghai . . .	Shāng-hī'
Hawaii . . .	Hä-wä'ē	Taal . . .	Tä'al
Hongkong . . .	Hōng'kōng	tao . . .	tä'ō
Honolulu . . .	Hōn-ō-loo'loo	Tongai . . .	Tōn'gī
José . . .	Hō-sä'	Waikiki . . .	Wi-kē-kē'
Kalamba . . .	Kä-lām'ba	Yokohama . . .	Yō-kō-hä'ma
Kamof . . .	Kä'mō-fē		
Kobe . . .	Kō'bē		

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